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THE
JUNIOR READER.

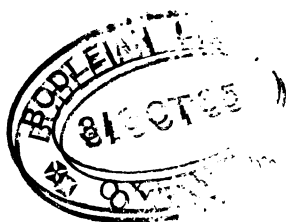
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JANUARY 1862.

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JUNIOR READER.

PART I.

GRUMBLE AND CHEERY.

GRUMBLE and Cheery were two millers who kept a large mill between them. Every one in the neighbouring village looked upon Cheery as the kindest, merriest fellow alive. But Grumble was not in very good favour; for he always found fault with the times—the weather—the neighbours—the mill—Madame Grumble, or with his partner, Cheery. Somehow or another accidents seemed to fall thicker on him than on any one else. Folks said, if it were not for Cheery, bread and cheese would be scarce at the mill: for Grumble's sole delight seemed to be to stroll about with his hands in his pockets, doing nothing but grumble, grumble, grumble; while Cheery worked and sung, as blithe as a lark.

One bright morning, Cheery and Grumble set off to buy a horse.

As they walked, they passed by a turn of the road where there was a small, narrow cave, in the chalky side of a hill, all fringed about with box-trees; and as they drew near it, two or three very

shrill voices screamed out, "Let us out, masters! let us out! let us out!"

Grumble said, "Get out as you got in—who's to blame but yourselves?" But Cheery said, "Nay, Grumble, if one won't help another, how shall we live?"

Then Cheery turned towards the mouth of the cave, and found a great lump of chalk had rolled down close against it, so that one could not get in or out. He set his shoulder well to work, and he called loudly to those inside, saying, "Push, push away, my fine fellows!" and after moving the great stone three or four times, away it rolled, and left the mouth of the cave open.

Out from the cave walked three fat little men, the queerest little fellows possible, with long hair, long noses, long chins, and very long hands. And as they came out, they danced and sprang about like young frogs. Then one said, "Stop! here's Master Cheery, who let us out. In return for his kindness, I promise him that the horse he shall buy at market shall have the speed of the wind." "And I," said the second, "say the horse shall never tire under weight or work." And the third little old man promised that, after three years' service, the horse should run away with all the ill luck in the house. As he finished, the three little men scampered back into the cave as fast as they could, singing in chorus:—

"A smiling face and a ready hand
Outweigh the riches of all the land;
For the face gets fat while the hand doth toil,
Heedless of every one's chatter or coil."

Cheery laughed hard enough at the little men's

promises; and Grumble muttered, "Ah! ah! promises are ready payment. 'Twas a pity they hadn't better thanks in their pocket."

On the two millers trudged to market; and when they got there, they found so many horses tied by their tails to be sold, that Cheery could not make up his mind which to buy; and Grumble did not help him, but managed to find some fault with every one of them.

After they had wandered half the day long, quite undetermined what to do, an odd, grim-looking, little old man, who had been standing with his arms folded, and his back against the warm, sunny wall, cried out that his pony (as fat and as sleek as could be) was for sale; and more, too—that Cheery should have him at his own price.

Grumble said that the pony was much too fat for work—that he was sure he could not be sound—that he had a vicious eye—that his hind legs were clumsy. Here the pony gave him such a switch with his tail, that Grumble clapped his hands to his mouth, and of needs held his tongue.

Cheery bought the pony, and paid twenty gold pieces down for him.

So home they went, Grumble in a sad way, and Cheery better pleased every step he took with his purchase.

The next morning, when Cheery went to feed the pony in the manger, there lay the twenty gold pieces in the bin; the very same Cheery had paid the day before!

From that day all went well at the mill. The flour was always the earliest in the market, and

brought the highest price. There were more sacks on the pony's back than three horses could carry. Cheery bought a cart; and let him fill it as heavily as he would, the pony never slacked his pace, but trotted on, and seemed as fresh and as fat after a day's work, as when he was first taken out of the stable.

In a year's time Cheery married a merry little cherry-lipped wife, as lively and sprightly as himself; and things went on so very well that Grumble got worse-tempered than ever, at having nothing to find fault with. Above all, he had the strongest dislike to the pony; for not long after he had been taken to the mill, Grumble tried to ride him, and the pony ducked him in the pond, dragged him through the briers, and soused him at last into a ditch. So Grumble for a long time brooded over this, but could not find an opportunity for his revenge.

After three years, as the little old men had declared, Cheery's affairs were so thriving that he and Grumble were nearly the head men of the parish, and they were both made overseers of the poor. Cheery was always for kindness to the poor old people; but Grumble was a harsh tyrant, and would never give them an atom more help than he could avoid.

Grumble had never forgiven the pony, and when these millers got rich enough to have other horses, he took it into his head one night to run down to the stable and take the pony out, and kill him in some field far away. He had thought often and often how to harm the pony, but all his trials had been baffled somehow or another. Sometimes people

were in the way ; at other times the pony was in the fields ; then Cheery had the keys of the stable. But this night Grumble had the keys himself : the night was rainy, and the pony was safely housed ; and so down he went, creeping along till he reached the stable door. The instant he opened it, out rushed the same three little fat old men whom he and Cheery had met on their way to market, and who promised so much about the pony. As soon as they saw Grumble, they set up a shout, and poked at him with their sticks. Then they danced and laughed, and they pinched and kicked him without mercy. Here they beat him—there they pushed him ; and at last they bound him with hay-bands hand and foot. Then they untied the pony, placed Grumble on his back, and telling him he was all the “bad luck” of the house, bade the pony scamper round and round the world, and not to stop until he was told.

Away went the pony at a quick, uncomfortable, shaking trot, with Grumble tied to his back, and was soon out of sight. Then the three little men danced out at the roof of the stable, and all again was still.

In the morning Grumble could not be found ; and as the pony was missing also, an old dame said she thought she had seen Grumble riding through the village the night before. Days passed, weeks passed, months passed, and sometimes a tale was spread in the village that the pony had been seen trotting through with Grumble on his back. But whenever this happened, something went wrong. At one of Grumble's visits to the village, Tom Tapster's beer turned sour ; at another visit, all the boys and girls

were frightened by the bull ; at a third visit, which was just before Christmas, no mistletoe could be found anywhere. In short, whenever anybody said they had seen Grumble, some ill-luck was found to have happened just at the very time ; until at last, whenever things went wrong in the village, people said, " Grumble has been riding through to-day."

As for Cheery, after he had sorrowed for the loss of the pony, everything became gay, glad, and thriving with him ; and his merry little wife, and his merry little children, made his home as happy as any one could wish.

Thus endeth the tale of Grumble and Cheery.

BY-AND-BY

THERE'S a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is By-and-By.
"What we ought to do this minute,
Will be better done," he'll cry,
"If to-morrow we begin it—
Put it off," says By-and-By.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue—
What we always put off doing,
Clearly we shall never do.
We shall reach what we endeavour
If on "Now," we more rely ;
But unto the realms of "Never,"
Leads the pilot "By-and-By."

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I AM coming, little maiden !
With the pleasant sunshine laden ;
With the honey for the bee ;
With the blossom for the tree ;
With the flower and with the leaf :
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming! I am coming!
Hark ! the little bee is humming ;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky ;
And the gnats are on the wing :
Little maiden, now is Spring !

See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over ;
And on mossy banks so green
Star-like primroses are seen ;
Every little stream is bright ;
All the orchard trees are white.

Hark ! the little lambs are bleating ;
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms,—a noisy crowd ;
And all birds are singing loud ;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven !
God for thee the Spring has given,

Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food,—
Pour thy soul in gratitude !

MARY HOWITT.

THE MONKEY AND THE CATS.

Two hungry cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree between themselves how to divide their booty; therefore they went to law, and a cunning monkey was to decide their cause.

"Let us see," said the judge (with as arch a look as could be), "ay, ay, this slice truly outweighs the other;" and with that he bit off a large piece, in order, as he told them, to make a fair balance.

The other scale had now become too heavy, which gave this upright judge a pretence to make free with a second mouthful.

"Hold! hold!" cried the two cats; "give each of us our share of what is left, and we will be content."

"If you are content," said the monkey, "justice is not: the law, my friends, must have its course."

Upon this, he nibbled first one piece and then the other, till the poor cats, seeing their cheese in a fair way to be all eaten up, most humbly begged him not to put himself to any further trouble, but to give them what still remained.

"Ha! ha! ha! not so fast, I beseech you, good ladies," said the monkey; "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you; and what remains is due to me as the lawyer." Upon this, he crammed the

whole into his mouth at once, and very gravely broke up the court !

This fable teaches us that it is better to put up with a trifling loss, than to run the risk of losing all we have by going to law.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

“WILL you walk into my parlour ?” said the spider to the fly ;

“’Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy :

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I’ve got many curious things to show when you are there.”

“Oh no, no,” said the little fly ; “to ask me is in vain,

For who goes up your winding stair can ne’er come down again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ?” said the spider to the fly :

“There are pretty curtains drawn around ; the sheets are fine and thin ;

And if you like to rest a while, I’ll snugly tuck you in !”

“Oh no, no,” said the little fly ; “for I’ve often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed !”

Said the cunning spider to the fly—"Dear friend,
what can I do

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to
take a slice?"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish
to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and
you're wise;

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant
are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold
yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you
please to say,

And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another
day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into
his den,

For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back
again;

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did
sing:

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and
silver wing;

Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon
your head ;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are
dull as lead !”

Alas ! alas ! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flit-
ting by ;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and
nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and her green
and purple hue—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish
thing ! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her
fast !
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal
den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out
again !

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give
heed ;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and
the fly.

MARY HOWITT.

THE STINGING NETTLE.

ALFRED saw a beautiful flower growing on the other
side of a deep ditch, and he ran forward to get it
for his sister Mary. Mary begged him not to do so,

lest he should tumble into the ditch. But Alfred would have his own way. As he was getting down the bank, his foot slipped ; and he would have fallen into the ditch, had he not caught hold of some nettles which grew on the bank. He was not long in getting up the bank again ; for the sharp sting of the nettles made him forget the beautiful flower.

"There now!" said he ; "talk of everything being useful ! I am quite sure a stinging nettle is of no use in the world. See how it has stung my fingers ! They are all over white blisters, and tingle terribly. I am quite sure grandpapa was wrong when he said that everything was useful."

"Perhaps not!" said the old gentleman, who at that moment peeped over the hedge ; "but I will go round by the gate, and come to you."

In a few minutes the old gentleman was with them, examining the smarting fingers of his grandson.

"Well now, grandpapa, please to tell me of what use nettles are ; for I cannot think that they are of the least use whatever."

"The nettle has, no doubt, many uses," replied the old gentleman, "of which I am ignorant ; but I will point out a few, which may show you that God has not formed it in vain. And I may begin with the use the nettle has been of to you, Alfred."

"To me, grandpapa ! I am quite sure it has been of no use to me."

"No!" said the old gentleman, smiling ; "why, did it not save you from tumbling into the ditch ?" Here Alfred looked rather foolish, while his grandpapa went on : "It is not a very long time ago, Alfred, since you were praising your nettle-porridge.

The porridge was made of the tender tops of young nettles; and I daresay you remember it very well."

"Oh yes!" said Mary. "It was old Esther Hodges who told my mother to give it to us; she said it would do us 'a power of good.'"

"I am glad you remember it; but let us look at the nettle a little nearer." Just then a bee alighted on one of the nettle flowers. "Do you think that bee, if he could speak, would say that the nettle was of no use? See, he is gathering honey from it, and, perhaps, finds it as useful as the blooming rose."

The old gentleman then set himself down on the bank; and, having his gloves on, he turned over some of the nettle leaves.

"Look here," said he; "here is the insect called the ladybird, with its red back spotted with black: I daresay this ladybird finds the nettle of some use, or it would not take shelter under its leaves. Then, again, here is a spider who has woven his web from one leaf to another; no doubt the spider finds the nettle of some use too: so that the bee, the ladybird, and the spider are all against you."

Here Alfred and Mary looked at each other, as if now quite satisfied that the nettle had not been made in vain. But their grandfather still went on: "Nettles are often useful in keeping young people in the right path. When your sister begged you, Alfred, not to go near the ditch, you heeded her not; but when the nettle pointed out your error, you were convinced of it in a moment. The nettle, moreover, teaches a useful lesson. Look at Alfred's fingers; they are not stung where he grasped the nettle firmly,

but only in the parts that touched it lightly. Many little trials of the world are of the same character: give way to them, they annoy you; meet them bravely, they injure you not, for you overcome them. Another excellent lesson to be got from the nettle is, to mind your own business, and not to meddle with that of other people. Let the nettle alone, it never stings you; trespass upon it, you must take the consequences. I might say a good deal more; but if the nettle assists in forming a wholesome food—if it affords honey to the bee, shade and shelter to the ladybird and the spider—if it keeps young people in the proper path, and furnishes us with lessons of useful instruction, you must allow that the stinging nettle has not been made in vain."

OLD HUMPHREY.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass by the side of the wood,
Beneath a brook oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there was the gnat, and the dragonfly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth, in his plumage of down ;
And the hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown ;
Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring ;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole ;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his
 shell,
Came from a great distance,—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made ;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner looked up to the skies ;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line ;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle, oh ! shocking to tell !
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell ;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons out-
 spread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing ;

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his
head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glowworm, came out with his
light ;
Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

T. ROSCOE.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

PART I.

ONE fine summer's day in the country, a duck was sitting in her nest hatching her eggs ; but of this important task she was almost tired, for scarcely a friend had paid her a visit. The other ducks were all swimming about in the pond, minding their own business, and did not want to gossip.

At last one egg cracked, then a second, then a third, and so on. "Piep ! piep !" went one, "Piep ! piep !" went another, until a dozen had cracked, and the little, downy brood popped their heads out of their narrow, brittle dwelling, as out of a window. "Quack ! quack !" said the mother, as the little ducklings bustled out as fast as they could, looking

about them in great wonder. "How big the world is!" said the little ones.

"Do you think that this is the whole world?" said the mother; "oh, no; it stretches far away beyond the garden. But are you all here?" continued she, with true motherly care. "No, they are not all hatched yet," added she; "the biggest egg lies there still! How long will this last? I begin really to be quite tired."

However, she sat down on the nest again.

"Well, how are you to-day?" quacked a fussy old duck, who came to pay her respects.

"Oh, there is no end to hatching this one egg," grumbled the mother; "the shell must be too hard for the duckling to break. But now you shall see the others. There is my pretty little family!"

"Show me the egg that will not break," chimed in the old duck; "it's a turkey's egg, I'll be bound. The same thing happened to me once, and I had a precious trouble with it, let me tell you. Yes, I am quite right, it is a turkey's egg! So get off your nest, and mind the others, as soon as you like."

"I shall sit a little longer," said the mother.

"Oh, very well! that's none of my business," said the old duck, rising to leave; "but take my word for it, the changeling will be a fine trouble to you."

At last the great egg cracked. "Piep! piep!" cried the little terrified new comer, as he broke through the shell. Oh, how big and how ugly he was! The mother scarcely dared to look at him; she knew not what to think of him. At last she exclaimed, in a puzzled tone, "This is certainly a curious young drake. It may turn out to be a

turkey, but we shall give him a fair trial. Into the water he must go, even should I be obliged to push him in."

The next day was very beautiful, and the sun shone delightfully on the green fields. The mother duck left home, her whole family waddling about her. Splash, she went into the water. "Quack ! quack !" she exclaimed, and one duck after the other followed her example ; not one remained behind,—even the ugly gray last-born swam merrily about with the rest.

"He is no turkey, after all, and will not disgrace my family," said the old duck. "Really, if one examines him closely, he is good-looking enough, after all. Quack ! quack ! now come all with me, and I will show you the world, and introduce you to the farm-yard."

They soon reached the yard ; but the other ducks viewed them with a sneering air, saying, "Here comes another brood, as if we were not plenty enough already. But see, what a fright that duckling is ; he is not to be suffered among us." At these words an impudent drake bit the poor duckling in the neck.

"Leave him alone," exclaimed his mother ; "he doesn't harm any one."

"Perhaps not," replied the offending drake ; "but he is much too big for his age, and a beating will do him good."

The mother smoothed his ruffled feathers, but the poor, ugly-looking duckling was pecked at, pushed, and made fun of by both ducks and chickens. So the poor thing, knowing not where to stand or where to go, was quite cast down.

PART II.

Thus the first day passed ; but every succeeding one was more and more full of trouble and annoyance. The duckling was hunted by all like a wild animal ; even his brothers and sisters behaved very badly to him—the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the fowls pushed him roughly away.

Then he ran and flew over the palings, and away across the fields, until he at last alighted on a hedge. The little singing-birds in the bushes flew away in dismay. “That is because I am so ugly,” thought the young duckling, shutting his eyes. Nevertheless he continued his flight onwards till he reached a large marsh, where wild ducks had flocked together. There he remained the whole night, sorrowful and tired to death. Early in the morning the wild ducks noticed their new comrade.

“You are ugly enough, certainly,” said they ; “but that is no matter, if you do not marry into our family.”

The poor outcast was safe enough on that score ; he only wanted to be let alone,—that was all.

“Bang, bang,” sounded at this moment over them, and the spokesman lay dead on the water. “Bang, bang,” it went again, and whole flocks of wild geese rose out of the reeds. The sportsman beat about the marsh on all sides, and the dog dashed through the thick reeds.

It was a terrible fright for the poor ugly duckling when the fearful dog opened his jaws and showed his teeth ; but, splash, splash, he darted off, without troubling himself about the little duckling, who

sighed, "I am so ugly that even the dog won't touch me!" It was late in the afternoon before the noise was over, and only then the poor duckling dared to come out of his hiding-place; and you may be sure he made off from the terrible marsh as fast as he could.

Towards evening our runaway reached a poor peasant's hut, the rotten door of which had dropped from its hinges, so that a very welcome chink was left, through which he could slip into the room.

An old woman with her cat and hen were the only inhabitants; and they next morning discovered their strange, unbidden guest.

"What is that?" said the dame, who, not seeing well, took the poor lean bird for a fat duck who had mistaken her way in the dark. "Here is, indeed, a piece of good luck!" exclaimed she, overjoyed. "Now I can have a nice duck's egg for my breakfast. But," added she, "perhaps it is a drake, after all! However, we shall see that in good time." Well, there the youngster remained three weeks; but without laying any eggs.

At last, one morning, after a sleepless night, he felt himself seized with a longing to swim once more in the clear water. He could bear it no longer, and he spoke his wish to the hen.

"A mighty pleasure, truly!" scolded she. "You are certainly crazy; ask the cat, who is wiser than I, if he likes swimming on the water?"

"You do not understand me," sighed the duckling.

"Not understand you, indeed! if *we* don't, *who* should, you ugly yellow beak!" exclaimed Madam Hen.

"I am determined I will wander out into the world," said the little drake, taking courage.

"That you certainly should," answered the hen, uncivilly. And the poor duckling set off again on his travels ; but no sooner did any animal see him, than he was sure to be twitted with his ugliness.

PART III.

Autumn was now approaching ; the leaves in the wood became yellow and brown ; and, driven by the wind, danced about in mournful eddies. The weather was bleak and raw ; and on the hedge sat the crow, and cried "Caw, caw," from sheer cold and want. The poor forsaken duckling was even worse off than he.

Then winter came on apace. In fact, it was so piercingly cold that our duckling was forced to keep swimming about in the water for fear of being frozen. But every night the ring in which he swam became smaller and smaller ; the top of the ice kept growing thicker and thicker. At last, he became so weary, that he was forced to remain fast frozen in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant passed by ; and seeing the unhappy bird, ventured on the ice, which he broke with his wooden shoe. He saved the half-dead creature, and carried him home to a warm fireside, where he quickly recovered. The children wished to play with him ; but the young duckling, thinking they were bent on mischief, flew in his terror into an earthen milk-can, and splashed the milk all over the room.

The housewife shrieked and wrung her hands, so that the poor bird became more and more stupid,

and flew into the churn, and thence into the meal barrel. The housewife tried to hit him with the tongs, while the children tumbled over one another in their haste to catch him.

Happily for our duckling the door stood open, and he escaped into the open air, and flying with difficulty to the nearest bushes, he sank down on the snow, where he lay quite done up. It would, indeed, be very mournful to tell all the miseries that the poor duckling went through until the sun again shone warmly on the earth, and the larks once more welcomed spring with their songs.

Then the young duckling raised his wings, which were much stronger than before, and carried him far away to a lake in a large garden, where the apple trees were in full bloom. And now there came, from out of the thicket, three noble white swans, who began to swim lightly on the water. The ugly duckling, on seeing the stately birds, said to himself, "I will fly towards these royal birds. They may kill me for my impudence in daring to go near them, —I, who am so ugly. But it matters not; better is it to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked at by the hens, and chased about by the children." With these thoughts he flew into the middle of the water, and swam towards the three beautiful swans; who, noticing the little stranger, came to welcome him.

"Oh, just kill me outright," said the poor bird, bending its head towards the water,—when, lo! it saw its own image in the clear surface, and, instead of an ugly dark-green *duckling*, it beheld in itself a stately *swan*!

It matters little being born in a duck yard, provided one is hatched from a swan's egg! He now blessed his former trials, which had taught him to value the delights that surrounded him. Meanwhile the larger swans gathered about him, and stroked him lovingly with their beaks.

Just then two little children came into the garden and ran towards the canal. They threw corn and bread down to the swans.

"Oh, there is a new one!" exclaimed the younger child, and both clapped their hands for joy. Then they ran away to call their parents. So more bread and cake was thrown into the water, and all said, "The new one is the most beautiful—so young and so graceful!" and, indeed, the old swans themselves seemed proud of their new companion.

Then the once ugly bird felt quite shy and abashed, and put his head under his wing; for, though his heart was bursting for joy, still he was none the prouder. A good heart is never proud.

ANDERSEN.

WE ARE SEVEN

I MET a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"

She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane:
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God relieved her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid,
And, all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go;
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden would reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven."
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WORDSWORTH.

THE SHEEP AND THE BIRDS.

A FATHER and his son were once sitting under a tree upon a hill. It was near sunset, and a flock of

sheep was feeding near them. A strange man came by, who had a dog with him. As soon as the sheep saw the dog, they became alarmed, and ran into some thorny bushes which grew near by. Some of their wool caught upon the thorns, and was torn off.

When the boy saw this, he was troubled, and said, "See, father, how the thorns tear away the wool from the poor sheep. These bushes ought to be cut down so that hereafter they may not harm the sheep." His father was silent a while, and then said, "So you think the bushes ought to be cut down?" "Yes," answered his son; "and I wish I had a hatchet to do it with." The father made no reply, and they went home.

The next day they came to the same place with a hatchet. The boy was full of joy, and very eager to have his father begin to cut down the bushes. They sat down upon the hill, and the father said, "Do you hear how sweetly the birds sing? Are they not beautiful creatures? Do you not delight in their song?" "Oh, yes," replied the boy; "the birds are the most beautiful of all creatures."

As they were speaking, a bird flew down among the bushes, picked off a tuft of wool, and carried it away in his beak to a high tree. "See," said the father; "with this wool the bird is making a soft bed for its young in the nest. How comfortable the little things will be! and the sheep could well spare a little of their fleece. Do you now think it well to cut down the bushes?" "No," said the boy; "we will let them stand."

"Remember, my dear son," said the father, "that the ways of God are not always easy to understand.

It seemed to you very hard yesterday that the poor sheep should lose their wool; but to-day you see that, without this wool, the little bird could not have made its warm nest. So, many things happen to us which seem hard; but God ordains them for our good, and they are meant in kindness and love."

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height

In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its
crest;

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept.
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen

Most beautiful things : there were flowers and trees ;
There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees ;
There were cities with temples and towers ; and these
All pictured in silver sheen.*

But he did one thing that was hardly fair ;—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

“ Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he ;
“ This costly pitcher I'll break in three ;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall ' tchick ! ' to tell them I'm drinking.”

MISS GOULD.

THE YOUNG WITNESS.

NOT very long ago, a little girl, only nine years old, was brought forward as a witness in the trial of a person for stealing. The robbery had been committed in the house of the little girl's father. She had seen it. Her testimony was very important. The lawyer who was defending the thief did not want this little girl to appear as a witness ; he knew that what she had to say would be very much against his side of the question. So, when she was brought in, he said to her,—

“ Emily, do you know the nature of an oath ? ”

“ I don't know what you mean, sir,” said she.

“ *There*, may it please your honour,” said the lawyer to the judge ; “ she doesn't understand the nature of

* *Sheen*, bright.

an oath. Is not this sufficient evidence that she is not fit for a witness? Her evidence cannot be taken."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my little girl. Tell me if you have ever taken an oath?"

The red blood rose to her face and neck at the very thought of it, as she answered,—

"No, sir."

"I do not mean a profane oath," said the judge. "Were you ever a witness in court before?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know what book this is?" said the judge, handing her a Bible?

"Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Have you ever read that book?"

"Yes, sir; I read it every day."

"Do you know what the Bible is, my child?"

"It is the word of the great God."

"Now, my little dear, place your hand upon this book."

She put her hand upon it tremblingly. He then repeated to her the form of the oath taken by one who is to be a witness. With her hand upon the Bible, she said, "I do solemnly swear that what I am now about to say is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help me God."

"Now, my dear," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness. Do you know what the result will be if you do not speak the truth?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"I shall be locked up in the prison."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. I cannot go to heaven."

"How do you know that?"

She took the Bible, ran her fingers over the leaves, and turned to the twentieth chapter of Exodus, the sixteenth verse, and read, "'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.' I learned that," said she, "before I could read the Bible."

"Has any one told you that you were to be a witness in this case?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir. After mother heard that I was to be called, she took me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and mother and I knelt down and prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against a neighbour, and that God would help me to tell the truth if I had to go to court to-morrow. And when I went away, mother kissed me, and said to me, 'Remember the Ninth Commandment; and remember that whatever you say in court, God hears every word of it.'"

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, in a way which showed that she meant what she said.

"God bless you, my child!" said the judge. "You have a good mother.—This witness is competent," he added. "If I were on trial for my life to-day, and innocent of the charge, I would pray God to give me such a witness as this child. Let her be examined."

This little girl told the truth when she was called upon to speak as a witness in court. But we should feel as if we were in court at all times when we open our lips to speak. This world is like a great court, and God is the judge.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast ; the stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice, it said, " Drink, pretty creature,
drink ;"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near ; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening
meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper
took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail with
pleasure shook ;
" Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said, in such a
tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lethwaite, a child of beauty rare !
I watched them with delight ; they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away ;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps she did stay.

Towards the lamb she looked ; and from that shady
place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face :
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might
sing :—

“ What ails thee, young one ? what ! why pull so at
thy cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and
board ?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;
Rest, little young one, rest ; what is't that aileth thee ?

“ What is it thou wouldst seek ? what is wanting to
thy heart ?

Thy limbs are they not strong ? and beautiful thou art.
This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they have
no peers ;

And that green corn all day long is rustling in thy
ears !

“ If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen
chain ;

This birch is standing by, its covert thou canst gain ;
For rain and mountain storms—the like thou needst
not fear—

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come
here.

“ Rest, little young one, rest ; thou hast forgot the
day

When my father found thee first in places far away ;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned
by none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

“ He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee
home :

Oh, blessed day for thee ! Then whither wouldst
thou roam ?

A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee yeane
Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

“ Thou know’st that twice a day I have brought thee
in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran :
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with
dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk ; warm milk it is, and
new.

“ Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are
now ;

Then I’ll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the
plough :

My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

“ Alas ! the mountain tops, that look so green and fair,
I’ve heard of fearful winds and darkness that come
there ;

The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

“ Here thou needest not dread the raven in the sky ;
Night and day thou art safe ; our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me ? why pull so at thy chain ?
Sleep, and at break of day I will come to thee again.”

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was
mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song :

“Nay,” said I, “more than half to the damsel must
belong ;

For she looked with such a look, and she spoke with
such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own.”

WORDSWORTH.

DREAMING SUSY.

“How nice it would be,” thought Susy, “if I lived in a palace, and had a fairy god-mother! There was once a princess whose cruel step-mother put her in a room where there was a great heap of feathers. ‘These,’ said she, ‘are the feathers of a hundred different birds, and you must pick them all out by night, and have each kind by itself in a hundred different heaps, or I’ll kill you.’ So the poor princess cried and cried.”

“Susy, Susy,” cried Joe, “you’re away off in the clouds. You’re not studying at all.”

“I will in a minute,” cried Susy, emphatically ; and then she went on.

“So the poor princess cried, and cried, till at last her fairy godmother came, and waved her wand three times, and every little blue and red feather flew into its place in a minute. Now,” thought Susy, “if a fairy could only come and wave over this lesson, and make every figure fly just where it ought, and make all the sense of it run into my brain, how splendid it would be! Then, when I recited, the teacher would say, ‘You have done admirably, Miss Susan ; go to the head of the class ;’ and—”

Ding-dong, ding-dong. "Why, that can't be the school bell," cried Susy, jumping up hastily.

"It is, though," said Joe, "and your wits have been on a goose-chase for almost three quarters of an hour. I took your arithmetic away ten minutes ago, and you never knew it at all."

Susy rose with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, and held out her hand for the book. All the way to school she studied, with the help of her good-natured brother; but all in vain. The time was too short, and at the close of her recitation, instead of hearing any praises, she caught a very sad look upon the teacher's face, and she was sent to take her place at the foot of the class.

But all these mortifications and privations seemed to have very little effect upon Susy. That very night, as she sat with a little piece of sewing her mother had given her, the needle fell from her fingers, and her eyes again fixed upon vacancy.

"What are you after now, Susy?" cried Joe.

"Well, I'm thinking what if I had three pair of hands, and while one pair did the hemming, another could sew on these strings, and another could stitch down that seam, and we'd have it all done in no time at all."

"Well, I never heard the like of that!" exclaimed Joe. "It seems to me I'd learn to use *one* pair of hands before fretting for more. Now I believe *I'll* dream a little, too. Suppose people came into the world with the ends of their arms all smooth, without any hands at all; and suppose every time they were very good, or accomplished any great thing, a finger would grow out. I suspect they'd be pretty thankful if they

ever got *ten* of them. I wonder how many *you'd* have by this time! I know you'd *dream* you had two or three hundred, but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you hadn't the first joint of a forefinger."

Susy coloured, and bit her lip, but had not a word to say.

It was long before she was cured of her bad habit of dreaming, but at last she was; and she would set diligently to work, knowing that the best kind of fairies, to separate birds' feathers or do sums and write compositions, are Patience and Industry; and they are always ready to come, if any little girl or boy really wants them.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A LION was sleeping in his lair, when a mouse, not knowing where he was going, ran over the mighty beast's nose and awakened him. The lion clapped his paw upon the frightened little creature, and was about to make an end of him in a moment, when the mouse, in pitiable tone, besought him to spare one who had so unintentionally offended, and not stain his honourable paws with so insignificant a prey. The lion, smiling at his little prisoner's fright, generously let him go.

Now it happened no long time after, that the lion, while ranging the woods for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunters; and, finding himself entangled without hope of escape, set up a roar that filled the whole forest with its echo. The mouse, recognising the voice of his former preserver, ran to the spot,

and, without much ado, set to work to nibble the knot in the cord that bound the lion, and in a short time set the noble beast at liberty; thus convincing him that kindness is seldom thrown away, and that there is no creature so much below another but that he may have it in his power to return a good office.

THE TIME-PIECE IN MY PARLOUR.

ABOVE the fire-place in my parlour stands a clock, and a pretty clock it is, richly ornamented with chasing and gilding. My time-piece is the admiration of all my visitors; but, alas! it has a defect, a radical defect,—*it does not go!* In vain do I wind it up, —the pendulum is motionless, the hands remain still: thus my clock is quite useless, and though a pretty object to look at, it is, in the most absolute sense of the word, a bad clock, simply because it does not fulfil the purpose for which I designed it. Well, this reflection occurred twice the other day: Are there not many people in the world who resemble my time-piece? are there not many men, many women, and many children, who fulfil no better the end of their being? God has created them to love him, to serve him, and to do his will; and if they neither love him, nor serve him, nor do his will, they do not fulfil the end of their being. And if they do not fulfil the end of their being, however pleasing they are in appearance or attractive in their manners, yet they are none the less bad, decidedly bad; for I repeat, that persons as well as things are bad, that do not fulfil the end of their being.

God has not called us into life to amuse ourselves, or to rest in worldly enjoyments. He has placed us here to do his will. If any of my readers ask, How can I do the will of God? I shall tell you, my friend: It is by submitting yourself to your parents, and by respecting them; by keeping yourself from evil companions; by seeking the good of others; by prayer; by reading the Bible, and doing what that holy book requires from you. Above all, you do the will of God when you give your heart to Jesus, confiding in him as your only Saviour, and asking from him his Holy Spirit, without whose help you can do nothing aright.

Dear readers, think of these things; and may each of you, as in the presence of God, ask yourself this question, "Do I fulfil the end for which God has created me?"

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady! stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And now I am an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought—
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud—
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd—
My mother answered with her tears.
"Oh! why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"—
She kissed me, and, in accents weak,
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I said,—
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed;—I shrieked for aid,—
But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!
My hardships since I will not tell;
But now no more a parent's joy,—
Ah, lady! I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy.

MRS. OPIE.

THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

A FOX being caught in a trap, was glad to compound for his neck by leaving his tail behind him; but, upon coming abroad into the world, he began to be so sensible of the disgrace such a defect would bring upon him, that he almost wished he had died rather than come away without it. However, resolving to make the best of a bad matter, he called a meeting of the rest of the foxes, and proposed that all should follow his example.

"You have no notion," said he, "of the ease and comfort with which I now move about: I could never have believed it if I had not tried it myself; but really, when one comes to reason upon it, a tail is such an ugly, inconvenient, unnecessary thing, that the only wonder is that, as foxes, we could have put up with it so long. I propose, therefore, my worthy brethren, that you all profit by the experience that I am most willing to afford you, and that all foxes from this day forward cut off their tails."

Upon this one of the oldest stepped forward, and said, "I rather think, my friend, that you would not have advised us to part with our tails, if there were any chance of recovering your own."

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.

A WOODMAN was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and by chance let slip his axe into the water, when it immediately sunk to the bottom. Being there-

upon in great distress, he sat down by the side of the stream, and lamented his loss bitterly. But Mercury, whose river it was, taking compassion on him, appeared at the instant before him ; and hearing from him the cause of his sorrow, dived to the bottom of the river, and bringing up a golden axe, asked the woodman if that was his. Upon the man denying it, Mercury dived a second time, and brought up one of silver. Again the man denied that it was his. So diving a third time, he produced the very axe which the man had lost.

“That is mine !” said the woodman, delighted to have recovered his own ; and so pleased was Mercury with the fellow’s truthfulness and honesty, that he at once made him a present of the other two.

The man goes to his companions, and, giving them an account of what had happened to him, one of them determined to try whether he might not have the like good fortune. So repairing to the same place, as if for the purpose of cutting wood, he let slip his axe intentionally into the river, and then sat down on the bank, and made a great show of weeping.

Mercury appeared as before, and hearing from him that his tears were caused by the loss of his axe, dived once more into the stream, and bringing up a golden axe, asked him if that was the axe he had lost.

“Ay, surely,” said the man, eagerly ; and he was about to grasp the treasure, when Mercury, to punish his impudence and lying, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as restore him his own axe again.

Honesty is the best policy.

THE OAK TREE.

THE oak tree was an acorn once,
And fell upon the earth ;
And sun and showers nourished it,
And gave the oak tree birth.

The little sprouting oak tree !
Two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and showers nourished it ;
Then out the branches burst.

The little sapling oak tree !
Its root was like a thread,
Till the kindly earth had nourished it ;
Then out it freely spread.

On this side and on that
It grappled with the ground,
And in the ancient rifted rock
Its firmest footing found.

The winds came and the rains fell ;
The gusty tempests blew ;
All, all were friends to the oak tree,
And stronger yet it grew.

The boy that saw the acorn fall,
He feeble grew, and gray ;
But the oak was still a thriving tree,
And strengthened every day.

Four centuries grows the oak tree,
Nor does its verdure fail ;

Its heart is like the ironwood,
Its bark the plaited mail.

Now cut us down the oak tree,
The monarch of the wood,
And of its timber stout and strong
We'll build a vessel good.

The oak tree of the forest
Both east and west shall fly,
And the blessings of far distant lands
Upon our ship shall lie.

For she shall not be a man-of-war,
Nor a pirate shall she be,
But a noble Christian merchant ship,
To sail upon the sea.

MRS. HOWITT.

IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labour! It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "it's a great blessing to have food, when so many are hungry; to have a roof over

one's head, when so many are homeless : it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labour, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering !”

“ Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard,” said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

“ No, Charlie ; there is one thing that I think very hard.”

“ What's that ?” cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

“ Why, boy, I think *that heart is very hard* that is not thankful for so many blessings !”

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

As a wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray lamb paddling, at some distance, down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence.

“ Villain !” said he, running up to her, “ how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking ?”

“ Indeed,” said the lamb humbly, “ I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you.”

“ Be that as it may,” replied the wolf, “ it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names.”

“ O sir !” said the lamb, trembling, “ a year ago I was not born.”

“ Well,” replied the wolf, “ if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same ; but it is

no use trying to argue me out of my supper ;"—and without another word he fell upon the poor helpless lamb and tore her to pieces.

A tyrant never wants a plea. And they have little chance of resisting the injustice of the powerful whose only weapons are innocence and reason.

THE GUARDED HOUSE.

THE New Year, in 1814, was a sad one to the inhabitants of a little town in Germany. It was a time of war, and they expected that whenever a short peace or truce had come to an end, parties of cruel soldiers would take possession of their houses and property. They were especially afraid for the night of January 5th, when the truce was to end.

Beyond the town, close to the high road, on the very side where the soldiers would enter, was a solitary house, larger and better than the poor cottages near it. A good old woman lived here. She was constantly praying, in the words of an old German hymn, that God would *raise up a wall* around them, so as to preserve them from the enemy. Her daughter, a widow, and one grandson, lived with her.

"Grandmother," said the young man, on the morning of the 5th, "what do you mean by praying that the Lord would build a wall round our house? Can you really be so foolish as to expect that he will do such an impossibility?"

"My son," she replied, "I did not intend exactly what I said, but only desired that the Lord would

defend us and our town, by any means. But you know nothing is impossible with him ;—and if he wills, could he not do even this thing ?”

The night came,—a terrible night of winter storm, wind and snow. Soon those in the solitary house knew, by the trampling of horses and sounds of firing and shouting, that parties of wild Cossacks were pouring into the unhappy town. They listened and trembled, praying for their poor neighbours, and expecting every moment that their own turn would come ; but, to their great astonishment, no one even knocked at their door. When daylight appeared, they soon discovered the secret of their escape. The wind had drifted an immense mass of snow between them and the road, so that those passing by could not come near the dwelling !

“My son,” said the good old grandmother, “do not you see now how easy it was for the Lord to raise a wall around us ?”

Surely none of those in “The Guarded House” would ever forget that night, and must have felt more trust in God ever afterwards.

J. L. B.

THE BUSTLING WAY AND THE QUIET WAY.

THERE are some children who do very little good, even when they wish to be of use to others, because they make so much bustle about everything they undertake.

Jane Riddell is one of these bustling characters. She is always ready and willing to help her mother, whom she loves very much, and to whom she is

always obedient; but she makes so much noise and talk about any little thing she has to do, that one would rather do it ten times over than be present while she is doing it.

"Mother," said Jane, one morning when she sat reading, "Mother, mother!" calling several times before her mother had time to look up. Jane ought not to have interrupted her mother while she was reading,—she had nothing really important to say. "Mother, mother, I want to know whether I may go and put the back parlour to rights."

"Yes, yes, you may," said her mother, going on with her reading.

"Well—mother, mother!"

"What now, Jane?"

"May I take down all the books from the shelves, and put them up better? I know I can put them up right again. May I, mother?"

"Yes, you may; but do not talk to me now, because I am engaged."

Jane went to work, making a great noise in taking down and putting up the books. Instead of clearing one shelf at a time, and filling it before she cleared the next, she took down all the books at once; and as she stood on a chair to replace them, she must needs jump down for each parcel as she set them up again.

"O Jane!" her mother would now and then exclaim, as the volumes came tumbling upon the floor, "do be a little more careful, and try to make less noise."

But for Jane to have carried on any operation without making a great fuss, or occasioning interrup-

tion to other persons, would have been quite out of the question.

"There, mother, just come and see how much better that looks," she said each time she had filled a shelf.

Because her mother did not attend at once, she went on calling "Mother, mother," until at last, becoming quite tired of being interrupted, her mother bade her leave the room as it was, and sit down to her sewing. Jane felt mortified and grieved at the reproof thus conveyed, and could scarcely repress her tears as she prepared to obey the direction.

"Why, what is the matter, Jane?" said her mother, laying down her book, and perceiving Jane's sorrowful looks. This question brought the tears at once into Jane's eyes.

"Why, mother," she answered, "I was putting the book-shelves to rights as well as I could, when you spoke to me, and,—and, I was going—"

"Well, you did them very well, and I should have been glad had you finished them; but you made so much bustle about it, and talked so much, that I could not go on with my reading. I have never spoken to you particularly about this fault, but it is one that you can easily overcome. You are a very lively, active little girl; I should be sorry were you indolent and dull; but when you have anything to do, I wish you to do it with as little noise and bustle as possible.

"Now, I will show you the difference between the bustling and the quiet way of doing things. Let me see,—what shall I do? Oh! there is the hearth-rug which is out of order." One edge of the rug was turned under, and Jane's mother

walked to the fire-place, stooped down to the rug, and, with one or two strokes of her hand, spread it even, and smoothed out the fringe. "There, that is the *quiet* way of doing the thing; now I will show you the *bustling* way." Her mother then hurried to the fire-place, pulled away the chairs that stood near, rattled the shovel and tongs; then turned over the rug in such a manner as to cause a great puff of smoke and dust from the fire; and then, in the same parading style, spread the rug down again. "That is the bustling way of doing it," said her mother, sweeping up the hearth, and brushing off the ashes that had settled upon the chimney-piece.

"Now I will show you how it is for persons to talk and disturb others while they are engaged. Let us suppose that you have lost your thimble, and that I am going to look after it for you." She then pretended to be looking for the lost thimble. "Why, Jane," said she, hastily turning over the things on the table, where *do* you suppose your thimble can be? Surely Susan must have mislaid it when she swept the parlour. I wish she were not such a careless girl." She then went to another part of the room, and looked under the sofa, continuing all the while to talk: "Why, Jane, perhaps you left your thimble up stairs; did you not? Jane—Jane—Jane, did you not leave your thimble up stairs? Shall I go up and see?"

Jane stood laughing to see her mother acting in this strange way.

"You think it odd for me to act in such a manner," said her mother, "but it is quite as improper in a little girl like you. Now," she continued, "I wish you to learn the quiet way of doing things, and

then you will be much more useful to me than you are at present; for very often when there is something that you could do, I say, 'No, I will do it myself, for Jane will have so much to say, and will make such a parade about it, that she will cause me more trouble than she will save.' But I wish you to begin now to learn the quiet way of going about everything, and then you will be a very great help to me."

Jane had many opportunities throughout the day of practising her new lesson, and she felt amply repaid by her mother's smile, and approving looks, and resolved ever afterwards to try the *quiet way* in preference to the *bustling way*.

Abbott's Reader.

LUCY GRAY.

OFt I had heard of Lucy Gray ;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

" To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;

And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do ;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a fagot band ;
He plied his work ; and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time ;
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents, all that night,
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet !"

'When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the foot-marks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed ;
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
The foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WORDSWORTH.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A YOUNG prince used often to wonder for what purpose God had made flies and spiders, as he could not see, he said, what use they were of to men, and, if he

had the power, he would kill them all. One day, after a great battle, this prince was obliged to hide himself from his enemies ; and wandering about in a wood, he lay down very tired beneath a tree, and fell asleep. A soldier passing by, who belonged to the enemy, was quietly drawing near with his sword to kill the prince, when suddenly a fly stung his lip, and awoke him. Seeing his danger, he sprang to his feet, and quickly made the soldier run off.

That night the prince again hid himself, in a cave in the same wood ; and during the night a spider wove her web across the entrance. Two soldiers belonging to the army which had defeated him, and who were looking for the prince, passed the cave in the morning, and the prince heard their conversation. "Look !" cried one of them, "he is surely concealed in this cave." "No," replied the other, "that is impossible ; for if he had gone in there he would have brushed down the spider's web at the entrance."

When they had gone away, the prince raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and thanked God for such goodness, in yesterday saving his life by means of a fly, and now again by a spider ; and acknowledged that the ways and works of God are perfectly good and wise.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A CROW, who stole a piece of cheese,
Got nicely perched among the trees,
His stolen morsel to enjoy
Where nothing might his bliss destroy ;

When, lo ! a Fox came prowling by,
And, underneath the branches high,
Sir Reynard eyed the Crow so sooty,
And praised him highly for his beauty.
Quoth he, " I solemnly declare,
Your form and feathers are so fair,
Your shape so graceful, and your voice !
I'm sure to hear it I'd rejoice ;
For, if it equal your complexion,
You must be absolute perfection !"
The silly Crow, so weak and vain,
Believed the flatterer's artful strain,
And becked and bobbed from side to side,
And hopped and wriggled in his pride ;
And then, to show his tuneful throat,
Essayed to warble forth a note !
But, ere he proved his vocal skill,
The precious cheese dropt from his bill—
The prize for which sly Reynard panted,
Who got the very thing he wanted !
And showed, as off he laughing sped,
How fools are flattered, knaves are fed.

ALEXANDER SMART.

THE POOR MAN AND THE RICH MAN.

PART I.

IN olden times, when fairies walked the earth in the form of men, it happened that one of them, while he was wandering about very tired, saw night coming upon him before he had found a shelter. But there stood on the road, close by, two houses opposite to

one another—one of which was large and handsome, while the other appeared miserably poor. The former belonged to a rich man, and the latter to a poor man ; so the fairy thought he would lodge with the former, because it would be less burdensome to him than to the other to entertain a guest. Accordingly he knocked at the door, and the rich man, opening a window, asked the stranger what he sought. He replied, "I seek a night's lodging." Then the rich man scanned him from head to foot, and perceiving that he wore ragged clothes, and seemed like one who had not much money in his pocket, he shook his head, and said, "I cannot take you in ; my rooms are full of herbs and seeds ; and, should I shelter every one who knocks at my door, I might soon take the beggar's staff into my own hand. . Seek a welcome elsewhere."

So saying, he shut his window, and left the good fairy, who immediately turned his back upon him, and went over to the little house. Here he had scarcely knocked when the door was opened, and the poor man bade the wanderer welcome, and said, "Stop here this night with me ; it is quite dark, and to-day you can go no further."

This reception pleased him much, and he walked in ; and the wife of the poor man also bade him welcome, and holding out her hand, said, "Make yourself at home ; and, though it is not much that we have, we will give it to you with all our heart." Then she placed some potatoes on the fire, and, while they roasted, she milked her goat for something to drink with them.

When the table was laid, the stranger sat down

and ate with them ; and the homely fare tasted well, and they were all very happy.

After they had finished, and bed-time had come, the wife called her husband aside, and said to him, "Let us sleep to-night on straw, my dear, that this poor wanderer may have our bed whereon to rest himself; for he has been walking all day long, and is doubtless very tired."

"With all my heart," replied her husband ; "I will offer it to him." And, going up to the stranger, he begged him, if he pleased, to lie in their bed, that he might rest his limbs thoroughly.

The good fairy at first refused to take the bed of his host ; but at last he yielded to their entreaties, and lay down, while they made a straw couch upon the ground.

The next morning they rose early, and cooked their guest a breakfast of the best that they had ; and when the sun shone through the window he got up too, and, after eating with them, prepared to set out again.

When he stood in the doorway, he turned round, and said to his host, "Because you are so compassionate, you may wish three times, and I will grant each time what you desire."

The poor man replied, "Ah, what else can I wish than eternal happiness, and that we two, so long as we live, may have health, and strength, and our necessary daily bread ? For the third thing, I know not what to wish for."

"Will you not wish for a new house in place of this old one ?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, yes!" said the man ; "if I might keep on this spot, so would it be welcome."

Then the fairy fulfilled his wish, and changed the old house into a new one ; and giving them once more his blessing, went on his way.

PART II.

It was already broad day-light when the rich man arose, and, looking out of his window, saw a new handsome house of red brick, where formerly an old hut had stood. The sight made him open his eyes ; and he called his wife up, and asked, "Tell me what has occurred : yesterday evening an old miserable hut stood opposite ; and to-day there is a fine new house ! Run out and hear how this has happened ! "

The wife went and asked the poor man ; who said, that a wanderer had come the evening before, seeking a night's lodging ; and that in the morning he had taken his leave, and granted them three wishes—eternal happiness, health and food during their lives, and instead of their old hut a fine new house.

When he had finished his tale, the wife of the rich man ran home, and told her husband all that had passed ; and he exclaimed, " Ah ! had I only known it ! The stranger called here, and would have passed the night with us, but I sent him away."

"Hasten, then," returned his wife, "mount your horse, and perhaps you may overtake him ; and then you must ask three wishes for yourself also."

The rich man followed this advice, and soon overtook the good fairy. He spoke softly and glibly, begging that he would not take it ill that he had not let him in at first, for that he had gone to seek the key of the house-door, and meanwhile he had

gone away ; but if he came back the same way, he should be glad if he would call again. The stranger promised that he would call on his return ; and the rich man then asked if he might not wish thrice, as his neighbour had been allowed. "Yes," said he, "you may, certainly ; but it will not be good for you, and it were better you did not wish."

But the rich man thought he might easily obtain something which would tend to his happiness, if he only knew that it would be fulfilled ; and so the stranger at length said, "Ride home, and the three wishes which you shall make shall be answered."

The rich man had now what he desired, and, as he rode homeward, he began to consider what he should wish. While he mused, he let his rein fall loose, and his horse presently began to jump, and he was jerked about so much that he could not fix his mind on anything. He patted the animal on the neck, and said, "Be quiet, Bess !" But it only began fresh friskings, so that at last he became ill-natured, and cried, quite impatiently, "I wish you might break your neck !" No sooner had he said so, than down it fell upon the ground, and never moved again ; and thus the first wish was fulfilled.

The rich man, however, being covetous by nature, would not leave the saddle behind ; and so, cutting it off, he slung it over his back, and went onward on foot. "You have still two wishes," thought he to himself, and so was comforted. But as he slowly passed over the sandy common, the sun scorched him terribly, for it was mid-day, and he soon became vexed and passionate ; moreover, the saddle hurt his back ; and, besides, he had not yet decided what to

wish for. "If I should wish for all the treasures and riches in the world," said he to himself, "hereafter something or other will occur to me, I know before-hand; but I will so manage that nothing at all shall remain for me to wish for." Then he sighed, and continued, "Yes, if I had been the clownish peasant who had also three wishes, and, knowing how to help himself, chose first much beer, then as much beer as he could drink, and for the third a cask of beer more." Many times he thought he knew what to wish, but soon it appeared too little. Then it came into his mind how well his wife was situated, sitting at home in a cool room, and appropriately dressed. This idea angered him uncommonly, and, without knowing it, he said aloud, "I wish she were sitting upon this saddle, and could not get off, instead of having it slipping about on my back." As soon as these words were out of his mouth, the saddle disappeared from his back, and he perceived that his second wish had received its fulfilment.

Now he became very hot, and began to run, intending to lock himself up in his room, and consider there something great for his last wish. But when he arrived and opened the house-door, he found his wife sitting upon the saddle in the middle of the room, and crying and shrieking because she could not get off. So he said to her, "Be content; I will wish for all the riches in the world, only keep sitting there." But his wife shook her head, saying, "Of what use would all the riches of the world be to me, if I must sit upon this saddle? You have wished me on it, and you must also wish me off." So, whether he liked it or not, he was forced to utter his third wish,

—that his wife might be freed from the saddle; and immediately it was done:

Thus the rich man gained nothing from his wishes but vexation, trouble, scolding, and the loss of his horse; but the poor couple lived contented and happy to their lives' end.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went, blust'ring and humming,
And the cattle all wondered what monster was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,—
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,

Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags ;
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried, gaily, " Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow ! "
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm ;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm :
There were dames with their 'kerchiefs tied over their
caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps ;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd ;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be
gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain ;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and
he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea ;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lo ! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it had done.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

WIDOW WASP.

CHAPTER I.

ONCE upon a time there lived a Mrs. Wasp. She was of a handsome appearance, small waisted, large eyed; with a gold and black robe, and a pair of gauzy wings, that glittered like mother-of-pearl as she flew about in the sunshine. She might have been conceited, you see, having so much to draw attention in her little figure ; but she was too sensible a Wasp for that.

Her husband, who was of a very quarrelsome temper, and who was always darting his sting into everybody that touched him, by chance got one day into a fierce battle with a large Blue-bottle fly, whose lump of sugar had excited Mr. Wasp's greedy appetite. After a terrible struggle Blue-bottle gained the victory, leaving on the field of battle his two legs, his right wing, and the dead body of his enemy. Mrs. Wasp thus left a lonely widow, and expecting a young family, did not sit down in despair—not she. She immediately set to work ; and if she buzzed rather mournfully over her labour at first, she soon got so interested in what she was doing that her voice began to sound as cheerily as ever.

“The Bees,” said Mrs. Wasp to herself, “are very

sociable, helpful creatures ; they all work together, and get through their business very fast. I wonder why we Wasps are such unsociable insects. If I were a Bee I could go boldly and claim help from the hive ; but now I must just build my house myself,—so here goes.” And off she set to a rose tree, and snipped a little round piece out of one of its green leaves, as neatly as your mamma would cut out the round holes in her embroidery with her scissors.

Now this was the way that Mrs. Wasp built her house :—

First she chose a dry hole in the side of a bank. Then she lined it carefully with little round pieces of rose leaf, till it was all like a soft green-cushioned bed. Then she flew off to a wall and got some plaster, little by little,—for, you know, she could not carry much at a time, or her gauzy wings would have broken under the weight ; and this plaster she put, like a door, at the entrance of her hole, to keep out rain and wind, and meddlesome folks,—such as Worms, and Flies, and Beetles, and Spiders, who might like green cushions as much as the rightful owner herself did.

Well, having made all her preparations, Widow Wasp sat down on her soft couch, and waited for her promised little family.

In due time they all appeared,—soft, white little maggots ;—not very interesting children, you would think ; but in Mrs. Wasp’s eyes they were far lovelier than little boys and girls, with their curls brushed smooth, and their new knickerbockers and worsted frocks.

Mrs. Wasp was as careful of her dear little maggots as she had been to build them a cozy house and bed. Every day she went and got food for them, and watched them as they grew bigger and stronger, till her little house could no longer hold them.

Then she went and made each of them a little separate cell; and in this cell she placed just enough very green caterpillars to last a certain time, at the end of which she knew the young Wasp would change, first into a chrysalis, and then into its own handsome grown-up shape, just like herself.

You may think what a hard business she had to get all the cells ready at the right time, and to fetch all the provision, and store it up in the right places. But she was a fond, industrious mother, and she knew she was doing her duty; so on she plodded, and at last she was able to lie down in her green bed, and go to sleep till her children should awake from their long winter trance. You may believe, after all her hard work, she slept very soundly. She did not hear the wind roaring in the wintry nights, nor the rain dashing down on the fields and roads. She did not feel the clay freezing hard in the frost, nor the snow covering up the earth in a white sheet; nor did she feel the plough digging down into the ground as spring came on, and the great teeth of the farmer's harrow tearing up the clods; nor the young corn stretching and swelling in its dark holes under the earth—in short, she slept on quite sound till one fine warm day in May, when there was such a noise at her door! it might have waked a dead Wasp, far less a living mother, for she knew all those merry

buzzes. It was her children come to say, "Happy New Year to you, mamma; get up and see your family." So up she flew, and out at the door, and there were her six children, all healthy, hearty, and hungry.

CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS you would like to hear the names of the six young Wasps. Well, the eldest was Miss **Waspina**. She was very elegant and graceful, and very conceited; she fancied nobody ever had such a small waist, or such a bright yellow gown, or such large eyes. I am afraid **Waspina** would never turn out such a good mother as **Mrs. Wasp** had done.

Then came the eldest son, **Master Stinger**. He was just his father over again—the least offence made him draw out his sting, as formerly quarrelsome soldiers used to draw their swords if you so much as stared at them. **Stinger** was sure to be in mischief ere long.

The third was **Beetle-head**. He was as rash as **Stinger** was passionate. **Beetle-head** never looked before him, and drove right into all kinds of scrapes. But he was a well-meaning, good-natured little animal, and seldom or never used his sting.

The fourth was **Buz-fuz**, who at an early age, unhappily, acquired a taste for intoxicating liquors.

Then came **Spy-fly**, who was large and strong, and determined to know everything and everybody. She was never still and never silent, and rushed up to every insect that passed, and insisted on making its acquaintance.

The last and youngest was **Snippa**, her mother's

darling, a good, steady, industrious little creature, always busy, and always happy.

So here was Mamma Wasp surrounded by this active, thriving family. She fancied all her troubles were over, and that she would have nothing to do but enjoy herself, and teach her children how to build their houses as she had done hers.

But, alas ! poor Widow Wasp found out very soon that her easiest time had been in her little ones' infancy. "Certainly it was hard work," said she, "getting the materials for that house and all those cells ; but, after all, I had only their bodies to care for ;—now they are grown up, I am afraid they will turn out wicked and unfortunate."

Indeed they were disobedient children. Waspina cared for nothing but flying to a little pool at the bottom of their bank, where she could see, as in a looking-glass, her beautiful small waist, and shining wings, and gold and buff dress.

In vain her mother offered to teach her to build.

"I shall make my husband build our house," said she. "It would quite spoil my shape to exert myself that way ; and I cannot really blunt my delicate nippers on those tough rose leaves. I am far too handsome to drudge. I will go up to the manor-house and taste their peaches. I am told they keep the best of company there ; I shall easily find a husband to suit me."

"Yes, as idle and as dainty as yourself," retorted Widow Wasp ; "a pretty house you will build between you !"

"Poor old mother !" said Waspina to her brother Stinger ; "what can you expect from her education ?

only used to hard labour, she knows nothing of the elegancies of life ;"—and off she flew to the manor-house.

She had a long way to go, over very bleak, unsheltered fields, and the wind blew hard against her ; so she was very tired by the time she reached the window-sill of the dining-room. In fact she had been obliged to work much more to breast that strong wind than if she had been busy culling rose leaves with her mother in the shady hollow under their bank. But obstinate people never know how they increase their own difficulties. The dining-room window was closed ; but Waspina, being unaccustomed to look through plate-glass, could not understand why, every time she flew towards the tempting dessert spread on the table inside, she always knocked herself so violently against some invisible obstacle. Bruised and exhausted she at length gave over trying, and settled down to rest, in no very good humour, in a corner of the great sash. While she stayed there, two young Wasps passed her, humming very loudly in conversation with each other. They looked at her in her corner, and one said to the other, "That is a poor, feeble, little wretch ! how she has crumpled her wings ! she is not fit to touch with the end of one's antennæ."

You may suppose the shock this gave to Waspina's vanity. She had always believed herself to be very handsome, and this was the opinion passed on her by strangers ! She gave an angry buzz, and darted at the offender with her sting out. But he was fresh, and she was tired, and he soared high up into the air before she could reach him ; so Waspina was

balked of her revenge. By this time it was growing late, and the dining-room window was opened for coolness, and Waspina finding no obstacle now to her entrance, and being well-nigh famished, as she had tasted nothing since the morning, dashed hastily into the room and plunged herself up to her waist in a juicy ripe peach; and there she remained, intoxicated with delight, while the dishes were placed upon the table: but her further adventures must be told in a future chapter, for we have too long neglected the rest of the family.

CHAPTER III.

SPY-FLY had seen Waspina set off on her excursion, and she was burning with curiosity to know all about her adventures; so she set off to meet her in the evening, full of questions—so full, indeed, that she beset everybody she saw on the road. And first she met a Ladybird, in her spotted red and black satin cloak, who was sitting thinking on the edge of a bluebell, enjoying a fine swing as the wind blew the flower from side to side.

“Oh, your honour,” said Spy-fly,—for she was struck with admiration at the black and red spotted satin cloak, and therefore took pains to be respectful to its wearer,—“Oh, your honour, have you seen my sister coming back from the manor-house? and did she get any peaches?”

The Ladybird did not condescend to answer; she only shut her eyes, and folded her cloak about her, and lay back in her pretty blue swing.

Then Spy-fly flew on till she met a Stag-beetle, who was sunning himself on a big stone.

"Oh, Mr. Beetle," asked Spy-fly, "did you see my sister?" but before she could go on, the Stag-beetle lifted up his great horns and made a snap at her; and Spy-fly was so frightened that she darted off across the fields, and never stopped till she had reached her own home. And when her mother heard her story, she said it served her right, for being so forward and so inquisitive.

Meanwhile Stinger had gone out hunting for himself. Widow Wasp had given him much good advice about choosing a sensible wife, who would build his house with him; but Stinger got very angry with her for presuming to interfere, and he was almost ready to shoot his sting at her.

Now, this was not a very promising temper to start with, and the very first thing Mr. Stinger did was to alight on a large drop of spilt honey, where three Wasps and six or seven Flies were already sucking their fill.

He shoved them aside rudely; and the Wasps, being satisfied, took wing very good temperedly, while the little Flies, cowed by his loud voice and haughty manner, did not dare to stay on the drop, but hovered about, hoping that his lordship would leave a little behind him for their hungry snouts. But just as Stinger was revelling in this rich repast, down popped a large Dragon-fly from a stream near, and began sucking too; and as his long legs, and long wings, and long body took up a great deal of space, he kicked Stinger out of the way quite carelessly. Out flew the Wasp's sting; but the Dragon-fly gave him a nip with his sharp mouth, and sent him away buzzing with pain; and being much disfigured

by the blow, a kind little Wasp who was near was moved with pity, and came up and offered to stroke his wound with her antennæ; which she did: and if Stinger had been wise, he would have seen that this was just the good little wife which his mother wanted for him, and he would have settled down with her and lived very happily.

But Stinger cared for nobody but himself, and just now he was full of hate and anger; so he set off again, humming loudly in his passion, and flew into a cottager's garden, where a woman was gathering strawberries. Here he found a great feast; but as he was taking a large bite, the woman's hand brushed him aside as she plucked the next berry.

She did not hurt him, but he was so easily offended that he got into one of his rages, and, flying at her, stung her in the face.

"Oh! oh!" shrieked she, flinging down her basket, and whipping at him with her handkerchief; but he flew off and alighted on a pear tree beyond her reach.

Here he began to gorge on a ripe pear, when a Starling, attracted by his humming, came also to the same bough and began pecking at the same fruit.

"I cannot stand this; you are meddling with my pear," cried selfish Stinger.

The Starling cried "Chirrup," and went on pecking; so Stinger, in a passion, flew at his leg and stung it. But he was little prepared for the consequences: the angry bird seized him in his beak, and crushed him to atoms; and never did Widow Wasp behold her naughty eldest son again.

Very anxious she was when night came on, and there was no sign of either Waspina or her

brother; and long and solemn charges did she give to the remaining children to be prudent and polite, and not to fly rashly into places where they were not wanted.

But only little Snippa listened with dutiful attention; Beetle-head snored; Buz-fuz sipped at some cherry brandy which he had brought home from the confectioner's; and Spy-fly whispered and tittered with a large Earth-worm who sometimes came to spend the evening in their family.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning Beetle-head announced that, as the eldest remaining brother, it was his duty to go in search of Waspina. Widow Wasp heard this with dread; for she could not trust Beetle-head,—he had no sense, though he always meant well. However, he was not to be turned from his plan, and off he set.

He did very well at first; for he was not thinking of amusing himself, but flew on straight towards the manor-house. Presently he got into a wood, and, in his headlong way, he bumped right up against a tree, and broke off the end of one of his antennæ. As he stopped ruefully to rub his poor head, he heard a humming and mumming inside the tree.

"I declare," cried Beetle-head to himself, "that is Waspina shut up a prisoner by some cruel giant of a Cockchafer; or maybe a wicked Hornet has got hold of her, and wants to marry her against her will."

So he peeped about for a door into this enchanted stronghold, and soon came to a hole, which he entered very unceremoniously, without buzzing the slightest salutation.

But no sooner was he inside, than he found him-

self in a nest of wild Bees, all busy over their honey-making. Now Bees are the most jealous of creatures as to their famous recipe for making honey. They have had it since the creation, handing it down from one generation to another, and never letting any other animal, not even man, get an idea how to copy them. They would as soon give away that precious recipe for honey, as your great-grandmother would have given her famous beauty lotion, or the elder-flower wine which she mulled for your great-grandfather on a frosty Christmas night.

This being the Bees' jealous temper about their honey-making, they are always very angry if anybody comes prying about during the process ; so one and all they darted at poor Beetle-head. "A Wasp! a Wasp! turn him out! hustle him! sting him! kill him!" resounded on all sides ; and poor Beetle-head, shoved, and pushed, and nipped, and stung, was at last flung down, half dead, at the foot of the inhospitable tree. There he lay stunned and stupid for hours. At length he recovered enough to resumé his journey—for he was an affectionate brother, and had set his heart on bringing back Waspina ; so, stiff and sore, he still flew onwards.

The dining-room window was open, and everybody was eating fruit for luncheon.

"Now I must be very polite," said Beetle-head to himself, "and ask very respectfully where my sister is, or I shall offend them ;"—and thus resolving, he went straight to the ear of the lady of the house, and buzzed timidly, close to her cheek, "Kind lady, do you know anything of my sister Waspina, who came here yesterday?"

Up started the lady, shrieking, "A Wasp! a Wasp!" and everybody jumped off their chairs and beat at the unlucky Beetle-head.

"So this is their return for my civility," said he; "I'll revenge myself next time I come, but I am in too great a hurry now;" and he flew out of the room and up to the second storey, where he saw another open window.

Here he entered, and, being very tired and hungry, was not sorry to see a bowl of sugar left on the table. Having refreshed himself, he looked about, and was horrified to behold the whole walls of the room covered with dead insects, fastened on cards with great pins stuck through their bodies: Moths of all sizes and kinds, brilliant Butterflies, Horned Beetles, strange Flies and Spiders,—the whole world of creeping things. Beetle-head got very sick and frightened; he had never seen so many dead creatures before. Soon he heard a low, faint hum, not far off; and creeping along the table he came to a card, and on it, in the agonies of death, stabbed through the body with a large pin, lay his lost sister, Waspina!

"Alas!" she sighed on recognising him, as he spoke to her in an agony of grief, "Alas! I pay the penalty of my vanity. I might have escaped, had I not been so foolishly delighted to hear the boy who found me in the peach say, 'What a splendid Wasp! it is quite worth a place in my collection.' Little did I think what a torture-chamber he was bringing me to. I did not even try to sting him; and *he*, oh! he plunged this deadly weapon into me, and left me to die by inches."

Here her voice failed ; she gave a piteous shiver all over her body, stretched out her legs, and expired.

Beetle-head, lost in grief, remained motionless beside the corpse, till the owner of the collection coming in to see if his specimen were yet dead, the avenging brother darted furiously at him, stung him again and again, and did not leave off till he himself was struck down on the ground and trampled to death. And thus Beetle-head, like Waspina, fell a martyr to science.

CHAPTER V.

"It is very sad," sighed Widow Wasp that night, "that my children are all leaving me so fast. I trust they are doing well out in the great world ; but I am much afraid they have come to harm."

"No wonder!" said Spy-fly, pertly ; "Waspina is so vain, and Stinger so passionate, and Beetle-head such a fool."

Widow Wasp had often found fault with her elder children for these very faults, but now they were absent she could not bear to hear them blamed ; so she began to defend them warmly. "Indeed, Spy-fly, you are too severe. Dear Waspina is so beautiful, it is a temptation to be conceited, and an excuse for her also ; and Stinger has a high spirit—just like his noble father. You cannot expect gentlemen Wasps to be very meek and mild, like us females. And as for dear, kind Beetle-head, there never was such a loving creature."

"I am glad you're pleased, mother," said impertinent Miss Spy-fly ; "and now I am going out to a party at Captain Blow-fly's. He has got a very

excellent supper; and there is to be a waltz round the sugar cask at the grocer's; and I am to sing my new song of 'Sipping Sweets,'—so good-bye."

"Ah, Spy-fly," said Widow Wasp, "you are too fond of gaiety and company. I wish you would marry and settle down."

"I don't like Wasps," said Spy-fly. "There is an Emperor Butterfly that lives up on the hill; if he would ask me, I'd marry him, he is so grand-looking: he has four wings, and I have only two; and then he has such lovely colours."

"Keep to your kind; don't consort with folks above you," said the mother; but the giddy Spy-fly had flown off to her evening's gaiety.

"And where are *you* going, Buz-fuz?" asked Widow Wasp, as her last son prepared to leave the dwelling.

"To the confectioner's for more cherry brandy."

"My dear son," said the Widow, seriously, "you are really getting too fond of those strong sweet things. Can you not live on sugar and cakes and the like, which will never make you stupid, as that cherry brandy does?"

"Nonsense!" hummed Buz-fuz, crossly; "what do females know about these things? I cannot get on without cherry brandy; my wings shake so, I cannot fly a hundred yards. I am really very delicate, and require support."

"Take a little bread and milk of a morning," said his mother; but Buz-fuz pretended not to hear, and went off to the confectioner's.

When he got in, the jar containing the cherry brandy was all fastened down. In vain he flew

round and round it, and longed for the tempting contents.

He was too provoked to go home again without finding something to drink ; but the confectioner, warned by experience, had shut up everything under glass or muslin. At length, he saw a number of Flies congregating over a large saucer.

"There's something good there, I'll wager," said greedy Buz-fuz; and he darted into the crowd, sending the little Flies right and left.

He dropped down on the saucer. It contained some liquid, moistening a sheet of brownish paper. He gave a little suck ; it was very nice, sweet, and strong. He sucked a little more ; it seemed to go up into his head, and make him quite happy and merry.

"That's poison!" said an old Wasp who had been hovering about, without alighting on the paper.

"How do you know?" asked Buz-fuz.

"Because I've seen both Flies and Wasps die after sucking it."

"Nonsense!" said Buz-fuz. "It's most delicious stuff. Poison must be nasty, like physic; this cannot be poison." So he sucked a little more. Dear me! his head grew quite dizzy ; everything in the shop turned round and round ; his six legs tottered under him ; his wings fell useless at his sides ; and in a minute or two Buz-fuz became insensible.

Just as he felt his senses going, he hissed out to the old Wasp, "Go to my mother ; tell her my sad fate." And the old Wasp, shaking his head, gravely departed on his errand.

You may fancy Widow Wasp's distress on hearing

of her last son's cruel fate. She set off immediately with Snippa, who had been helping her to cut out a new lining for their cushions; and on reaching the edge of the fatal saucer, they found Buz-fuz still alive, but suffering great torture; for the stupefying effects had gone off, and he felt as if burning all through him.

"Ah, mother!" he said when he saw her, "you were right to warn me against those strong drinks. If I had not had a liking for cherry brandy, I should never have tasted this poisoned paper. Let my fate be a warning to all Wasps." And with this, he wriggled round in a last convulsion, and died.

The poor mother was obliged to leave him there, for neither she nor Snippa dared to touch the poisoned body, for fear of infection; and slowly and sadly they returned home. But they found Spy-fly in great spirits; she had had a merry evening, and had actually danced with a Death's-head Moth. Her head was quite full of her new acquaintance.

"He is not quite so handsome as the Emperor Butterfly; but he is so strong, and quite a remarkable person. I assure you, Snippa, everybody envied me when he asked me to dance. And he is coming to call to-morrow evening. He never goes out in the day; he says it is a vulgar habit."

"That will be inconvenient for you, who like sunshine," said Snippa.

"But I won't go on with a vulgar habit," said Spy-fly. "One must give up a little in order to be genteel. And I am very glad you have cut out the new lining for the house, and made it look tolerably decent for my visitor."

Spy-fly, you perceive, cared not a pin for her poor poisoned brother, Buz-fuz.

CHAPTER VI.

NEXT evening at dusk, Mr. Death's-head Moth presented himself at the door of Widow Wasp's house; but, alack-a-day! it was too little, and he was too big—he could not get in; so his hosts were forced to come out and receive him on the grass before their gate.

Spy-fly was in ecstasies with her distinguished visitor. He spoke rather thick, and he groped about rather blindly, and Snippa did not admire the queer marks on his back; but being very humble, she kept her opinion to herself.

They gave him the very best of their stores, but he did not seem to care for their food; and Snippa, with a shudder, heard him ask if they had no nice fat Worms!

In short, she did not much like her intended brother-in-law, and was very sorry when he formally requested Mrs. Wasp's leave to take away his bride next evening.

Spy-fly wished for a day wedding, to show off her new dignity, and her own bright yellow and black dress; but the bridegroom declared only common Flies were married in the day-time, and it was against his rule ever to go out before dusk.

So he had his way; and all the next day Widow Wasp was busy culling out rose leaves with Snippa, and lining a large hole, big enough for both bridegroom and bride to live in.

But, alas! when the Death's-head Moth came at

night, he said he had his own castle far away, and would take his bride there. It was a tearful parting. Even Spy-fly got rather afraid when the time came, and was hardly consoled by her old friend the Earth-worm saluting her by her grand new name of "Mrs. Death's-head Moth."

A long way she had to go through the darkness—she, a gay, sun-loving Wasp. At length they came to a ruin, and inside, in a broken crevice, which made a large, damp, dark cavern, hung with tapestry of Spider webs deserted by the Spiders, the Death's-head Moth took his bride. It was very cold and full of draughts. Poor Spy-fly did nothing but shiver; and when day broke, in vain did she beg her husband to let her out into the sunshine. "No, indeed," he declared; "it would never do for my wife to be seen out of doors by day; our neighbours would quite despise us." So Spy-fly sat in a corner, and wrapped herself round with Spider webs and shivered. She could not eat her husband's food; and when he made her go out with him at night, she could not see her way, and stumbled against trunks of trees, and got numb and stiff with cold. So she lost all her fine spirits, and had not even the heart to talk to the other Moths who lived in the same ruin; and they looked down on her as a low-born common Wasp, who had no right to be among them.

So she pined away; and one day when the Death's-head Moth came home, he said to her sternly, "You are quite a cheat; you were so merry and lively when I first saw you, I thought you would cheer up this old place. But you do nothing but mope, mope, all the day long; and, altogether, I

mean to send you back to your mother, and take a Moth-wife like myself."

Poor Spy-fly said, "Thank you, sir," and rose up to go home; but she was so weak and dizzy when she got out into the light, that she fell down at every few yards. In vain she tried to go on; her strength was entirely spent, and she was found quite dead not far from her old home.

Widow Wasp had received a message by a Harry-long-legs that her daughter was returning home; so she went out with Snippa to meet her and welcome her back; but they only found her cold body, which they buried under a daisy.

And now Snippa was the only one left of all Widow Wasp's sons and daughters.

"Don't leave me, dear," said the poor old mother.

"No, I'll never leave you," said the good little daughter.

You remember the old Wasp who came with the last message of Buz-fuz? Well, he had a young son—a very steady, well-behaved Wasp—who wanted a wife; and the old Wasp, whose name was Boomer, had been much pleased with the good feeling and kindness shown by Snippa at her brother's death. He went often to spend an evening with Widow Wasp, carrying little gifts, such as a scrap of tart, or a drop of jelly, or a grain of sugar; and always he found Snippa happy and busy, and attentive to her mother. So one day he said to the widow, "My dear friend, your daughter is just the wife I want for my son; and, if you like, I'll bring him here to-morrow."

This was agreed to, and the young Wasp was presented to Snippa as her future husband.

He was very quiet and good-looking, and not at all apt to sting ; and Snippa was quite pleased with him, especially as he was ready to attend on her mother, and make her happy in her old age.

So these two young Wasps, instead of setting to work for themselves, resolved to make both their parents comfortable ; which they did, lining their cozy little dwellings with the softest and glossiest leaves ; and then they prepared their own house for their little ones ; and Widow Wasp lived to see a large family of grand-children, who were all brought up in good habits by their parents, and lived in peace and comfort all their days.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat ;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door ;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard implore—

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary treeless waste behind.

“ My eyes are weak and dim with age,
No road, no path can I descry ;

And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

“So faint I am—these tottering feet
No more my palsied frame can bear ;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast ;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor—
The weary moor that I have passed.”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor, half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pale blue face.

The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs ;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
Which told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er ;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had been before.

THE SAILOR BOY'S PRAYER.

WE were but a few days out from the harbour when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us.

I must tell you of an act performed by a sailor boy at the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing a spelling-book than furling a sail in a storm. The ship was rolling fearfully. Some of the rigging got entangled at the main-mast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and put it right. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy to do it. He lifted his cap, and glanced at the swinging mast, the raging sea, and the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated, and remained silent for a moment; then, rushing across the deck, he went down into the fore-castle. In about two minutes, however, he returned, laid his hands upon the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy; then I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending the boy aloft. "He won't come down alive! Why did you send him?"

"I did it," replied the mate, "to save life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds, like a squirrel! He is very careful: he'll come down safe, I hope."

Again I looked till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day I took occasion to speak to him, and I asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft.

"I went, sir," said the boy, "to pray."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir: I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God."

"Where did you learn to pray?"

"At home: my mother got me to go to the Sunday-school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me; and I do."

"What was that you had in your jacket-pocket?"

"My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought, if I did perish, I would have the Word of God close to my heart."

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

WITHIN the garden's peaceful scene
Appeared two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen—
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon reddened into rage,
And, swelling with disdain,
Appealed to many a poet's page,
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,—
A fair, imperial flower;
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering* and debate
The goddess chanced to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.†

“Yours is,” she said, “the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien ;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a queen.”

MORAL.

Let no mean jealousies pervert your mind,
A blemish in another's fame to find :
Be grateful for the gifts that you possess,
Nor deem a rival's merit makes yours less.

COWPER.

THE TURNIP.

A POOR day-labourer had grown in his garden an uncommonly large turnip, at which everybody was astonished. “I will make a present of it,” he said, “to our noble master, because it pleases him when we manage the fields and gardens well.”

He carried the turnip to the castle; and the noble lord praised the industry and generosity of the man, and gave him three ducats.

A countryman in the village, who was very rich and very covetous, heard of it, and said, “I shall at once make a present of my great calf to the noble lord of the place. If he gives three beautiful gold

* *Bickering*, quarrelling, contention.

† *Parterre*, flower-beds in a garden.

pieces for a trumpety turnip, how much shall I receive for a beautiful calf?"

He led the calf in a rope to the castle, and begged the gracious master to accept it as a present. The master knew well why the avaricious countryman behaved so generously, and said he did not wish the calf.

But the countryman continued to beg him not to despise so small a gift. At last the shrewd nobleman said, "Well now, as you really force me to it, I will take your present. But as you are so particularly generous towards me, so neither can I be found parsimonious. I will therefore make you a present in return, which cost me fully two or three times more than your calf is worth." And saying thus he gave the astonished and disconcerted peasant the well known large turnip!

The gen'rous heart earns rich reward,
But selfish gifts men disregard.

SCHMID.

SOMETHING WRONG IN THE BOOT.

"I AM sure that she means to slight me; six days has she been in town, and yet has never come to see me!" exclaimed Sophia, bursting into passionate tears.

"She has doubtless been very busy," quietly observed her mother. "Her brother is just departing for India; she has so much to take up her thoughts and her time that we may be satisfied that she has a good reason for not coming. I am sure that she does not intend to give offence."

"I am certain that she does!" exclaimed Sophia, who had the very unhappy art of making herself wretched by always expecting too much from others, and by being ever on the look-out for anything like a slight.

"You remind me of a story that I once read," said her mother, "of a gentleman who lived in India, a place where scorpions so abound that they creep under furniture, and even hide in shoes, so that great care is required to avoid them."

Sophia dried up her tears, and turned to listen; for, like most young people whom I know, she delighted in anything like a story.

"One day," continued her mother, "the gentleman of whom I speak, probably intending to take a ride, began to put on a pair of boots. What was his alarm when, on thrusting his foot into one, he felt a sharp sting-like pang!"

"Was it a scorpion?" exclaimed Sophia.

"The same thought flashed across the gentleman's mind. 'I am stung!' thus he reflected; 'I shall perhaps die from the injury; but at least I will kill the venomous creature, whatever pain it may cost me.' So he stamped down his foot, with mingled anger and fear, and was more hurt than before; but the greater his pain the harder he crushed down the thing which caused it.

"'It must be dead at last!' cried the gentleman, much excited, as he drew his poor foot out at length. 'I should like to see the reptile!' so, lifting up his boot, he shook it violently, to throw out what was in it, and out tumbled —"

"Oh, mamma! what was there?" cried Sophia.

"Out tumbled a *shoe-brush*, my dear."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Sophia, laughing; "so he had been stamping on the bristles all the time, and hurting himself dreadfully, all for nothing!"

"He had been taking an innocent shoe-brush for a venomous reptile, my love, when a little examination would have shown him, and some other people besides, that we may inflict upon ourselves much causeless pain, by always fancying the worst, and being on the look-out for scorpions!"

The gentle lecture of the mother was here interrupted by the entrance of Sophia's long-expected friend; and when the little girl found what good cause had kept that friend away from her so long, and how foolish and unjust her own suspicions had been, she turned with an arch smile towards her mother, and whispered, "Ah, mamma, I now see what you meant! I have been stamping on the shoe-brush in the boot."

CASTING OUR SHADOWS.

"If people's *tempers* should cast shadows, what would they be?" said Augustine, as he lay on the grass and looked at Amy's shadow on the fence. "Joe Smith's would be a fist doubled up; and Sam Stearn's a bear, for he is always growling; and sister Esther's a streak of sunshine; and cousin Julia's a sweet little dove; and mine—;" here Augustine stopped.

According to Augustine, then, our *inner selves* are casting their shadows; that is, I suppose, we are throwing off impressions of what we really are, all

around us ; and, in fact, we can no more *help* doing so than we can fold up our real shadows and tuck them away in a-drawer.

Suppose we follow out Augustine's idea, and ask, "And *mine*—what shadow would *my* temper cast ?" It might surprise and possibly frighten us, although it might, in some measure, help us to "see ourselves as others see us." The fact is, our associates know us better than we know ourselves,—they see our shadows : and, although they may sometimes be longer or shorter than we really are, the outlines are in the main all correct ; for our shadows are, after all, the images of ourselves.

We sometimes hear of people who are "afraid of their shadows," and it seems cowardly and foolish ; but if Augustine's idea should come to pass, a great many would have reason to be frightened by the image of their inner selves, so deformed and unsightly it might be, or so disagreeable that nobody would wish to take a second look.

Now, it is this *shadowing out* of what we really are, in spite of ourselves, which makes it such a sober and responsible business to be living, and which makes it so immeasurably important to be living *right* ; for other people are constantly seeing and feeling our influence, whatever it may be. Every boy at school is throwing off a good or bad impression upon his school-mates. Every boy at home is casting off kind and gentle influences in the little circle around him ; or, it may be, he is like the image of a *fist doubled up*, or a *claw scratching*, or like a *vinegar cruet, pouring out only the sour*. How is this ? Let my young readers look to this point.

TO-MORROW.

"JAMES, will you fasten the garden gate?" said his mother.

"Presently, mother," said James, who was reading an amusing story.

James finished his story, and then went to fasten the gate; but in the meantime the pigs had got in, and rooted up and destroyed more than could be repaired for months.

"Will you learn your lesson *now*, James?" said his mother.

"By-and-by, mother," replied James, who was making a new kite.

The kite was finished, but the lesson was never learned. Next day James lost his place in the class, and afterwards his prize.

What James was as a boy, he was as a man. He intended to take his money *to-morrow* from a bank that was not safe; but before *to-morrow* the bank failed, and he lost it all.

He intended to insure his house and shop *to-morrow*; but before *to-morrow* they took fire, were burned, and he was ruined.

How true is the common proverb, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day!"

How much deeper truth is there in the saying of the wise king, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!"

This is true of worldly things; and it is also true, and much more important, in things which concern the soul.

To-day is ours ; we know not if we shall see to-morrow. To-day God calls us and offers us pardon ; to-morrow it may be too late !

A TIGER STORY.

“A GENTLEMAN and lady had one little child, and they had to take a very long journey with it, through a wild part of India. There were no houses there, and they had to sleep in a tent. A tent is a kind of house, made by driving poles firmly into the ground, and then drawing curtains over them. It is very comfortable and cool in a warm country, where there is no rain ; but then there are neither doors nor windows to shut as we do at night, to make all safe.

“One night they had to sleep in a very wild place, near a thick wood. The lady said—‘ Oh, I feel so afraid to-night ; I cannot tell you how frightened I am. I know there are many tigers and other wild animals in the wood ; and what if they should come out upon us ? ’ Her husband replied, ‘ My dear, we will make the servants light a fire, and keep watch, and you need have no fear ; and we must put our trust in God. ’ So the lady kissed her baby, and put it into its cradle ; and then she and her husband knelt down together, and prayed to God to keep them from every danger ; and they repeated that pretty verse, ‘ I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep ; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety. ’

“In the middle of the night, the lady started up with a loud cry, ‘ O my baby ! my baby ! I dreamed just now that a great tiger had crept below the cur-

tains and run away with my child !' And when she looked into the cradle, the baby was not there ! Oh, you may think how dreadful was their distress. They ran out of the tent, and by the light of the moon they saw a great animal moving towards the wood, with something white in its mouth. They wakened the servants, and got loaded guns, and all went after it into the wood. They went as fast and yet as quietly as they could, and very soon they came to a place where they saw through the trees that the tiger had lain down, and was playing with the baby, just as pussy does with a mouse before she kills it. The baby was not crying, and did not seem hurt. The poor father and mother could only pray to the Lord to help ; and when one of the men took up his gun, the lady cried, ' Oh, you will kill my child !' But the man raised the gun, and fired at once, and God made him do it well. The tiger gave a loud howl, and jumped up, and then fell down again, shot quite dead. Then they all rushed forward, and there was the baby quite safe, and smiling, as if it were not at all afraid !"

" O uncle, what a delightful story ! And did the baby really live ? "

" Yes ; the poor lady was very ill afterwards, but the baby not at all. I have seen it often since then."

" Oh ! have you really seen a baby that has been in a tiger's mouth ? "

" Yes, I have ; and you too."

" We, uncle ! when did *we* see it ? "

" You may see him just now."

The children looked all round the room, and then

back to uncle George, and something in his eyes made Lucy exclaim, "Uncle, could it have been *yourself*?"

"Just myself."

"Is it true *you* were once in a tiger's mouth? But you do not remember about it?"

"Certainly not; but my father and mother have frequently told me the story. You may be sure that often when they looked at their child afterwards, they gave thanks to God. It was he who made the mother dream, and awake just at the right minute; and made the tiger hold the baby by the clothes, so as not to hurt it; and made the man fire so as to shoot the tiger, and not the child. But now good night, my dear little girls; and before you go to bed, pray to God to keep *you* safe, as my friends did that night in the tent."

ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.

EDWIN was one day looking at a large building which was being put up just opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order. His father said to him:—

"Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edward, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that

great house is built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my boy; never forget it. Just so is it with all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk round the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean."

Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn, also, not to be discouraged by great labour. The greatest labour becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain; but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of the great building is only one brick upon another.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

A DISPUTE once arose between the Wind and the Sun, which was the stronger of the two, and they agreed to put the point upon this issue, that whichever soonest made a traveller take off his cloak, should be accounted the more powerful.

The Wind began, and blew with all his might and main a blast, cold and fierce as an arctic storm; but the stronger he blew the closer the traveller wrapped his cloak around him, and the tighter he grasped it with his hands.

Then broke out the Sun: with his welcome beams he dispersed the vapour and the cold; the traveller

felt the genial warmth, and as the Sun shone brighter and brighter, he sat down, overcome with the heat, and cast his cloak on the ground.

Thus the Sun was declared the conqueror; and it has ever been deemed that persuasion is better than force.

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.

DURING the American War, the commander of a little band of soldiers was giving orders to those under him, about a heavy beam which they were endeavouring to raise to the top of some military works they were repairing. The weight was almost beyond their power to raise, and the voice of the little great man was often heard crying, "Heave away! There it goes! Heave, ho!" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the corporal why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal!" "You are, are you?" replied the officer; "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted, and pulled till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. And when the beam was raised, turning to the commander, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time!"

The corporal was thunder-struck. It was Washington!

PROMPTNESS.

THERE was once a young man who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, "Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it." He was an industrious young man,—a young man of great energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted with the superintendence of work like this. He made his arrangements the night before, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early the next day. He instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock in the morning. They set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten o'clock the master came in, and saw the young man sitting in the counting-house, and seemed very much displeased with him, supposing his command had not been executed. "I thought," said he, "you were instructed to get out that cargo this morning?" "It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it!"

This one act made that young man's fortune. It fixed his character. It gave his employer a confidence in him that was never shaken.

PART II.

DREAMING AND DOING.

ARTHUR ARCHER and Luke Linger were cousins, and were both of the same age. They went to the same school, and began to learn arithmetic in the same quarter. Two years passed away, by which time Arthur had finished Practice, while Luke was scarcely able to work a sum in Division.

When the holidays came, and the prizes were given, Arthur Archer received a nicely bound volume of natural history; while Luke Linger was so low in good marks as not to be entitled to any reward.

"How vexing it is!" said Luke; "I really *meant* to have got forward, but somehow everything is against me."

"That excuse will not do, Master Linger," said his teacher; "it is quite plain to me that you have not done your best. While others were working, you were idling away your time. You must persevere, Luke, if you intend to be a scholar. Learning will not drop into a dreamer's mouth."

Arthur and Luke had an uncle, Farmer Hodges, who invited them to spend a week at his house in their midsummer holidays. As they lived in a town, they looked forward to the expected visit in the country with great delight.

Uncle Hodges was an old-fashioned farmer. He wore a red waistcoat, always rose with the lark, worked as hard as any labourer in his fields, and never was absent from his pew on Sunday. And then, too, he was a kind-hearted and truly Christian man.

On the first morning of their visit at the farm, their uncle took them into his rick-yard and orchard; showed them his new barn; and pointed out the finest of his horses, cows, and sheep. He then promised that if they could get up early the next morning he would take them to Brook Meadow, where the hay-makers were busy at work; and then, perhaps, for a ride to Hightop Hill.

On the morrow Arthur was up and ready before the clock struck six, and was down in the farm-yard looking at the pigeons as they flew around the old elm-trees, until Uncle Hodges joined him. They waited some time for Luke, but as he did not make his appearance, they set off without him.

Luke lay dreaming in bed till nearly seven, and when he got up he seemed in no hurry to make his way down stairs. At length he appeared, and went out into the cross road to see if he could find his uncle and Arthur; but before he walked a hundred yards he saw them on their way home, both mounted on ponies. They had first been to the hay fields, and afterwards had taken a pleasant ride. Luke Linger at once saw that by his delay he had lost a treat, while Arthur Archer had got a good appetite for his breakfast, and a fresh glow of health on his cheek.

"How vexed I am, uncle!" cried Luke; "I

quite *meant* to have gone with you to the hay-fields."

"It is all very well, Luke," said Farmer Hodges, "so far as it goes, to intend doing a thing; but a bushel of good intentions is not worth a penny unless they end in good actions."

This was not the only time during the visit that the farmer found out the failing and folly of his nephew, in wishing when he should have been acting, and dreaming when he should have been doing.

One afternoon Farmer Hodges found Arthur and Luke on a seat in the garden, talking rather loudly.

"Well, my lads, what is the matter now?"

"Why, uncle," replied Luke, "I was only saying that I wish I had a large farm of my own, with a garden and orchard, and sheep and horses, and plenty of men to do the work for me."

"Dreaming and wishing again!" said the farmer. "That way won't do, Luke; you must try another. Idle wishes are all like weeds, which sometimes show their heads on my land; but I root them out, for they would soon spoil my profits."

"You see these hay ricks. Do you think that by wishing, I could ever have got them here? No! the scythe, the rake, and the hay fork were set to work. We were at it early and late, and made hay while the sun shone; and here the ricks are."

"Look at those piles of corn in the barn yonder. They are part of last year's crop. There are no better in the parish: but how did they all come there? It was not by dreaming about it. I ploughed and sowed, and in the proper season set to

work with the sickle. God, in his goodness, gave the shower and the sunshine, and the corn is now safe in the barn, and will soon be carried to market.

"Look at those pease at the bottom of the garden. If I had not sown them early in the spring, and seen well to them, they would not have yielded such a supply for our table as they do.

"The path along the lane you see yonder was nothing but mud and mire in wet weather, so that it was not passable. Some of the farmers said that it would be a good thing if a few loads of stones and gravel were thrown upon it. Others declared that they had been thinking for a long time of proposing to the parish to have it put to rights. And one or two said that they *meant*, some time or other, to attend to the matter themselves, so that it might be no longer a discredit to the village.

"Thus it went for years ; yet nothing was done ; it even got worse and worse. Then one day I called my men to follow me, and to work we went, and before the week was over, the old lane looked as clean and was as passable as the high road, along which we took our morning ride.

"I think, then, Luke, that it is quite clear, if anything is to be done, it should be done without delay ; and we must be diligent, whatever we take in hand, whether we be school-boys or farmers."

As Uncle Hodges spoke in his usual kind and cheerful way, the heart of Luke was touched, and he, as well as Arthur, listened with much attention. They now left the garden and went into the house to tea.

That evening, as the farmer opened his large print

Bible at family worship, he said, looking the same time at his nephews :—

“If wishing and intending be a bad plan for the things of this world, it is still worse for the great concerns of the world to come. ‘The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing.’ I hope, my dear lads, that you will not only be true Christians, but active ones. The sum of all I have to tell you is this—Fall not into the habit of being idle, either in earthly or heavenly things. Show that you belong not to the family of dreamers, but to the noble band of *doers* of good things.”

PERSEVERANCE.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down,

In a lonely mood to think ;

’Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,

But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,

To make his people glad ;

He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,

And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down to low despair,

As grieved as man could be,

And after a while he pondered there,

“I’ll give it up,” cried he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,

With its silken cobweb clew ;

And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavour;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

“Sure,” said the king, “that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more;
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;

He's only a foot from his cobweb door ;
Oh, say, will he lose or win it ?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into the wished-for spot.

"Bravo, bravo !" the king cried out ;
"All honour to those who try :
The spider up there defied despair ;
He conquered, and why should not I ?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't ;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

ELIZA COOK.

THE KHAN AND THE DERVIS.

A TARTAR khan was once riding with his nobles on a hunting expedition. On the way he met with a dervis, who proclaimed with a loud voice that he would give some good advice to any one who would bestow upon him a hundred pieces of gold. The khan was curious, and asked the dervis what this valuable counsel might be.

"I will tell you, O king," was the reply, "when you shall have paid me the hundred pieces of gold." The khan ordered the money to be given him; and he then said, in a very impressive manner, "Undertake nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." He then went on his way.

The followers of the khan smiled, and made merry with the counsel which he had bought at so high a price. "It is true," said he, "that the words of the dervis convey a very simple and obvious rule of prudence; but on that very account it may be the less heeded; and that is probably the reason why the dervis inculcated it so earnestly. For the future it shall always be present in my mind. I will have the words written over the doors of my palace, upon the walls of my chambers, and upon the household articles of daily use."

After some time, an ambitious governor made a plot to kill the khan and possess himself of the crown. He bribed the royal physician with a great sum of money, to further his wicked plans; and the physician promised to bleed the khan with a poisoned lancet, as soon as an occasion offered.

The desired opportunity soon occurred. But when the attendants brought in a silver basin to receive the blood, the physician saw engraved upon the rim the words, "Undertake nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." Reading this inscription, he started back, and with obvious embarrassment laid down the poisoned lancet and took up another.

The khan observed this, and asked him why he had changed the lancets. On being told that it was

because the point of the first was dull, he desired to see it. The physician hesitated to reach it to him, betraying at the same time marks of great confusion; when the khan sprang up, and seized him by the throat, saying, "I read wicked thoughts in your face. If you would save your life, confess everything."

The physician fell at his feet, and revealed to him the plot against his life, which had been defeated by the words on the rim of the basin. "Then I have not paid the dervis too dearly for his advice," said the khan. He pardoned the physician, ordered the wicked governor to be executed, and sending for the dervis, gave him still further rewards.

THE WHITE SPARROW.

"Sleep is the worst of thieves—
He steals half our lives."

IN most parts of Germany there passes current among the people this proverb—

"He that would thrive
Must the white sparrow see."

The meaning of the proverb is not at first sight so apparent as that of some others that circulate among us, such as, "Early habits make the man," and "Honesty is the best policy," &c.; but the moral signification it is intended to convey is not the less true and important. I will, therefore, here relate the story connected with its origin, even as I received it myself from the lips of an old and valued friend.

There was an old farmer, with whom everything appeared to grow worse from year to year. Scarcely a week passed by that either the tax-

gatherer or the pawnbroker did not come to his door, and, addressing him with a courteous bow, say, "I am really very sorry, Herr Ruckwart, to be compelled to put you to inconvenience, but I am obliged to do my duty." The old friends of Herr Ruckwart also tried to do their duty to him. They advised, they entreated, and they helped him; but all in vain; and so one after another gave him up in despair, declaring, with a sigh, that, as for poor Ruckwart, there was no use in trying to help him—he was past being helped.

He had one friend, however, whose heart was in the right place, and who was not only a good man, but a very clear-sighted one. This friend thought he would not give Herr Ruckwart up altogether without making one more attempt to save him. So one day he led the conversation, as though accidentally, to the subject of sparrows—relating many anecdotes of these birds, and observing how greatly they had multiplied of late, and how very cunning and voracious they had become.

Herr Ruckwart shook his head gravely, in answer to this observation, and said,—

"They are, indeed, most destructive creatures. For my part, I have not the slightest doubt that it is mainly owing to their depredations that my harvest has of late years been so unproductive."

To this conjecture his old friend made no rejoinder; but, after a moment's pause, he continued the conversation by an interrogation.

"Neighbour, have you ever seen a white sparrow?"

"No," replied Ruckwart; "the sparrows on my fields are all the common gray sort."

"That is very probable, too," rejoined his friend. "The habits of the white sparrow are peculiar to itself. Only one comes into the world every year; and being so different from its fellows, the other sparrows take a dislike to it, and peck at it when it appears among them. For this reason it seeks its food early in the morning, before the rest of the feathered tribe are astir, and then goes back to its nest, where it remains for the rest of the day."

"That is very strange!" exclaimed Ruckwart. "I must really try to get a sight of that sparrow; and, if possible, I will catch it too."

On the morning following this conversation the farmer rose with the sun, and sallied forth into the fields. He walked around his farm, searched his farm-yard in every corner, examined the roofs of his garners and the trees of his orchards, to see whether he could discover any traces of the wonderful white sparrow. But the white sparrow, to the great disappointment of the farmer, would not show itself or stir from its imaginary nest. What vexed the farmer, however, still more, was, that although the sun stood high in the heavens by the time he had completed his round, not one of the farm labourers was astir; they, too, seemed resolved not to leave their nests.

Herr Ruckwart was reflecting on the disadvantages of this state of things, when suddenly he perceived a lad coming out of the house, carrying a sack of wheat on his shoulders. He seemed to be in great haste to get out of the precincts of the farm; and Herr Ruckwart soon perceived that his steps were not bent toward the mill, but toward a public-house

where Caspar had, unhappily, a long score to pay. He hastened after the astonished youth, and quickly relieved him of his burden.

The farmer next bent his steps to the cow-house, and, peeping in to see whether the white sparrow had perchance taken refuge there, he discovered, to his dismay, that the milk-maid was handing a liberal portion of milk through the window to her neighbour.

"A pretty sort of housekeeping this is!" thought the farmer to himself, as he hastened to his wife's apartment, and aroused her from her slumbers. "As sure as my name is Ruckwart," he exclaimed, in an angry tone, "there must be an end to these lazy habits. Everything is going wrong for the want of somebody to look after things. So far as I am concerned," thought the good farmer to himself, "I will rise every day at the same hour I rose this morning, and then I shall get my farm cleared of those who do not intend to do their duty properly. Besides, who knows but some fine morning or other I may succeed in catching the white sparrow?"

Days and weeks passed on. The farmer adhered to his resolution; but he soon forgot the white sparrow, and only looked after the cattle and his corn-fields. Soon everything around him wore a flourishing aspect, and men began to observe that Herr Ruckwart (Backward) now well deserved to be called Herr Vorwart (Forward).

In due course of time, his old friend again came to spend a day with him, and inquired, in a humorous tone, "Well, how are you getting on now? Have you succeeded in catching a glimpse of the white sparrow?"

The farmer only replied to this question by a smile.

and then, holding out his hand to his old friend, he said, "God bless you, Herder ! you have saved me and my family from ruin."

Often, in after years, when Herr Ruckwart was a prosperous man, he was wont to relate the history of his early life ; and thus, by degrees, the saying passed into a proverb,—

"He that would thrive
Must the white sparrow see."

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbour's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble the poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, on Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labours close;

Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where Luxury pillows his aching head;
His simpler opiate Labour deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,—
The shrine of love and the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love, with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

ALEXANDER SMART.

THE LYING SERVANT.

THERE lived in Bavaria a certain lord, pious, just, and wise, to whose lot it fell to have a serving-man, a great rogue, and, above all, addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not given in the story; therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

This fellow was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are nowhere to be found on the map, and seen things which mortal eye had never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock; for he dreamed falsehoods in his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when awake. His lord was a shrewd as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the valet's mouth; so that he was often caught—hung, as it were, in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless, he persisted still the more in his lies; and when any one said, "How can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that it was so.

It chanced, one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily and swollen the floods, that the lord and his servant rode out together, and their way was through a silent and shady forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox. "Look!" exclaimed the master; "what a huge beast! Never before have I seen a reynard so large."

"Doth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness?" replieth straight the serving-man, casting his eye slightly on the animal as he fled away for fear. "I

have been in a kingdom where the foxes are as big as the bulls in this !”

Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart, “ In that kingdom there must be excellent lining for cloaks, if furriers can there be found to dress skins so large.”

And so they rode on, the lord in silence ; but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then the servant inquired of the lord what sudden affliction or cause of sorrow had happened.

“ Alas !” replied the wily master, “ I trust in Heaven’s goodness that neither of us two hath to-day, by any frowardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not true ; for, assuredly, he that hath so done must this day perish !”

The servant, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on his master’s countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, so that not a word or syllable of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense ; and so, with eager exclamation, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to befall him who had spoken an untruth.

“ Hear, then,” answered the lord, “ since thou must needs know ; and may no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far, and in our course is a vast and heavy-rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow and the pool is deep. To it hath Heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood who may rashly

venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current. But to him who hath told no lie there is no fear of the river. Spur we our horses, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then the servant thought, "Long, indeed, must the journey be for some who are now here;" and, as he spurred, he sighed more deeply than his master had done before him, who now went gaily on. They soon came to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, nevertheless, the servant began to tremble, and falteringly asked, "Is this the river where harmless liars must perish?"

"This? ah, no," replied the lord; "this is but a brook: no liar need tremble here."

Yet was the servant not wholly assured; and stammeringly said, "My gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him that he to-day hath made a fox too huge; that of which he spake was not so large as an ox, but as big as a good-sized deer."

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone, "What of this fox concerneth me? If large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses, for to-day our journey must be long."

"Long, indeed," still thought the serving-man; and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then came they to a stream, running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud, "Another river! Surely of rivers there is to-day no end; was it of this thou spakest heretofore?"

"No," replied the lord; "not of this." And more

he said not; yet marked he with inward gladness his servant's fear.

"Because, in good truth," rejoined the rogue, "it is on my conscience to give thee note that the fox of which I spake was not bigger than a calf."

"Large or small, let me not be troubled with the fox; the beast concerneth not me at all."

As they quitted the wood, they perceived a river in the way, which gave signs of having been swollen by the rains; and on it was a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the serving-man; and he looked earnestly towards the ferry-boat. "Be informed, my good lord, that reynard was not larger than a fat sheep."

The lord seemed angry, and answered, "This is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this fox? Rather spur we our horses, for we have far to go."

Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master if the noise were of a torrent or a stream of water. Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern; so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord. But the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which there

was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, without bridge or bark to be seen near.

"Ah, miserable me!" said the servant, turning deadly pale; "this, then, is the river in which liars must perish?"

"Even so," said the lord; "this is the stream of which I spake; but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur we our horses, for the night approacheth, and we have yet far to go."

"My life is dear to me," said the trembling serving-man; "and thou knowest that if it were lost, my wife would be disconsolate. In sincerity, then, I declare that the fox which I saw in the distant country was not larger than that which fled from us in the wood this morning!"

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, "Ho, knave! wert thou afraid of thy life? And will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other, nor hath it a power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed; but who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? In it thou needs must sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies, as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by Heaven's grace."

And as he reprov'd his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the serving-man that from that time forward he would duly measure his words; and glad was he so to escape.

Such is the story of the lying servant and the merry lord; by which let the reader profit.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

AN old Clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course, the Wheels remained motionless with surprise, the Weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stoppage; when Hands, Wheels, Weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below the Pendulum, who thus spoke:—

“I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking.”

Upon hearing this, the old Clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*.

“Lazy wire!” exclaimed the Dial-plate.

“As to that,” replied the Pendulum, “it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness!—you have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut

up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do !”

“As to that,” said the Dial, “is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through ?”

“But what,” resumed the Pendulum, “although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life ; and, if you please, I’ll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours—perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum ?”

The Minute Hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, “Eighty-six thousand four hundred times !”

“Exactly so,” replied the Pendulum. “Well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, I’ll stop !”

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue ; but, resuming its gravity, at last replied, “Dear Master Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time ; so have we all, and are likely to do ; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, will it fatigue us to *do* ? Would you now do me

the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion at all fatiguing to you?"

"Not in the least!" replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of *sixty*, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum.

"Then, I hope," added the Dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum to wag, and, to its credit, it ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE BELL ROCK.

ON the east coast of Scotland, as you sail along, a tall tower rises out from the waves. The steamer comes near it, and you see a smooth, strongly-built pillar : on the top is a large lantern, composed entirely of glass. It is the Bell Rock Light-house. Were it night, and did a storm, such as frequently visits these shores, toss your ship on its waves, you would be glad to see from that lantern the light cheerful rays it sends through the darkness, to tell the sailor where to steer his vessel.

There is an interesting old story told regarding the rock on which this light-house stands. Why is it called the *Bell Rock* ? I will tell you. Once there was no light-house there ; and often, often the stormy east wind drove boats and ships against these rocks, and wrecked them. Some kind monks, who lived on the shore, got a large bell, and, chaining it fast to the rock, when the waves rose the bell swung heavily in the storm, and its melancholy tones warned the seamen of the nearness of danger. A pirate, or sea robber, one day was so wicked as to steal the bell. He broke the chain, and carried it away ; and the ships again had no warning of these dangerous rocks. But it so happened that the very pirate who had done this wicked action was sailing these seas on a wintry day. Night came on, and the tempest bore heavily on his ship. She had to yield to its violence, and, driven before it, she struck a rock. It was the very rock from which her captain had stolen the bell ! By the side of that rock the vessel sank, and her captain

perished. It was just he should—that he who had hushed the voice of kindly warning should perish unwarned.

We never see a man or a boy trying to persuade another to do something his conscience is telling him is wrong, without thinking of his fate who silenced the warning bell in these stormy seas.

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as ship might be :
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy abbot of Aberbrothock
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder it warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the priest of Aberbrothock.

The float of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green :
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

His eye was on the bell and float :
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go :
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning-bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles arose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to this rock
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high :
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At ev'ning it had died away.

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore ;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell !"

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shiv'ring shock—
O heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock !

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair ;
But the waves rush in on every side,
And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

SOUTHER.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"HE shall repent of it, if I die for it,—he shall !" passionately exclaimed Philip, as he wiped the blood from his face, after a fight in which he had had the worst. "I'll make him repent it !"

"Why, what is the matter ?" said his aged grandfather, who, attracted by the noise of the quarrel, had unperceived approached the angry boy.

"Look what he has done !" cried Philip, pointing to a beautiful little model of a ship, which lay crushed and destroyed in the mud. "It has been my work for a month past ; I had just finished it ; and see—." The poor boy could not finish his sentence ; grief and passion choked his voice ; but again he muttered between his teeth,—*"I'll make him repent it !"*

"But why did he spoil your model ?"

"Oh ! he is full of spite and malice,—he always was. We hate one another ! He trampled on my ship, so of course I struck him,—and we fought,—and he was the stronger ! But I'll have my revenge yet !"

"Come into the house," said the old man quietly, "and let us examine your hurts."

As soon as this was done, and the boy's head bound up, his grandfather laid his hand on the shoulder of Philip, and with a grave look began :—

"I see that your face is not very much hurt; now I must look to a more serious wound."

"What do you mean?" said the boy.

"Must I remind you, that 'the fruit of the Spirit is love . . . peace . . . gentleness . . . meekness'?"

"Oh! one can't put up with everything! I don't hate those who don't hate me; nor harm those who don't insult me; but I want justice, nothing but justice!"

"If you receive nothing but justice, my boy, a terrible portion will be yours. For my part, I have learned to ask *mercy*; without it, I could never reach heaven."

"You mean mercy from God: I know that we all need that," said Philip; "but that has nothing to do with my quarrel with Ben!"

"It has much to do with it," replied the old man: "'Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven'" (Luke vi. 37).

"It is a very difficult thing to do," said Philip, thoughtfully.

"It is a thing which *must be done*," replied his grandfather: "'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.'"

The next morning, Philip met his grandfather with a calmer spirit. "I have thought over my quarrel with Ben," said he. "I had intended to let fly his canary, or to do him some mischief or other; but now I have made up my mind to let the fellow alone. Are you satisfied with me now, grandfather?"

"You have taken one step in the right way, but

you have not yet, I fear, forgiven as you have been forgiven. Think over the subject again."

At breakfast Philip sat silent and thoughtful. Before he rose to prepare for church, he spoke again to his grandfather. "I see that it is not enough to give up revengeful *acts*; I suppose that I ought to keep down angry *words* also. This is a harder task than the other, for I love to speak out my mind; but I'll try, with God's help, not to speak ill of Ben. Grandfather, are you satisfied?"

"That is another great step, my boy; but ask your own heart if it really forgives as you have been forgiven."

Philip came home from church with a brighter face. "Grandfather," said he, as he led the old man towards his home, "there is one prayer which I never truly joined in till to-day."

"What prayer was that?"

"'That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts.' Ben came into my mind, and I prayed for him; and do you know why I did so?"

"God put it into your heart, my boy!"

"Why, the second chapter that was read struck me so. To hear of Stephen, bleeding and dying with the cruel stones hurled at him, and the people yelling around him; then, to think of him praying in the midst of his agony, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge' (Acts vii. 60). He had much more to forgive than ever I have had. I wonder if the hearts of any of his cruel enemies were ever turned!"

"Do you forget, Philip, that St. Paul was one of them? that he stood and looked on while Stephen

was murdered? How little the persecutor then thought that he was so soon to join the Christian band which he wished to destroy, and that he should die, like Stephen, a martyr for the gospel!"

The next morning was rainy and wet, but Philip was absent; and his grandfather, as he sat by his little fire, and looked on the untasted breakfast, wondered what had become of his boy. At last he heard a well-known step, and Philip entered, tired, and dripping from the rain.

"Where have you been, my child?"

"I've walked all the way to Hackney," cried Philip gaily, as he pulled off his wet jacket and hung it up to dry.

"To Hackney! Why, Ben lives there: did you go to see him?"

"The truth is, grandfather, I heard but last evening that Mr. Jones wants an errand-boy, and that if a smart lad were to apply, he would be likely at once to get the place. Now, Ben has been for some time out of work; I thought that this might just suit him; so I got up early this morning and walked over;—for if I had delayed he might have lost his chance."

There was a look of quiet pleasure in the old man's face as he poured out the tea for his grandson's breakfast,—it said more than volumes of praise. After a minute's pause he inquired, "How did Ben receive you, my boy?"

"All in his old way," replied Philip, with his choler rising as he spoke. "He laughed when first he saw me, and asked me how I liked what he had given me on Saturday. Grandfather! I felt inclined to knock

him down ; but I thought of what I had heard at church, and restrained myself ; and after a while I told him my errand."

"And what did he say to that ?"

"At first, nothing ; he only looked surprised and suspicious, as though he thought that I was making game of him ; then he held out his hand to me, with an ashamed look, and said, 'Philip, I behaved ill to you on Saturday ; you said that I should repent it, —and *I do !*'"

"God bless you, my dear boy ! You have acted like his child ! 'For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye ? for sinners also love those that love them. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again ; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest : for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful '" (Luke vi. 32, 35, 36).

Reader ! do you bear ill-will towards any one ? Has any one injured or insulted you ? Oh, forgive, as ye would be forgiven ! Give up *vengeful acts*, silence *angry words*, lift up your heart in prayer for your enemy,—return him *good for evil*.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A FRENCH merchant, having some money due to him, set out on horseback accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog frisked round the horse

and barked for joy, as if he had entered into his master's feelings.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to rest himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side. But on remounting he forgot it. The dog perceiving this, ran to fetch the bag ; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran after his master, and, by barking and howling, tried to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not these signs ; but the dog went on with its efforts, and after trying in vain to stop the horse, at last began to bite his heels.

The thought now struck the merchant that the faithful creature had gone mad ; and so, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on its object to think of itself ; and it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Alas !" cried the merchant, "it must be so ; my poor dog is certainly mad ; what must I do ? I must kill him ; I may myself become the victim if I spare him." With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket, and took aim. He turned away in agony as he fired ; but his aim was too sure. The poor dog fell weltering in his blood ; and his master, unable to bear the sight, spurred on his horse. "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself ; "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing ! no bag was to be found ! In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am ! why could I not under-

stand the signs which my faithful friend gave me?"

Instantly he turned his horse, and rode back to the place where he had stopped. He saw the marks of blood as he proceeded; but in vain did he look for his dog; he was not to be seen on the road. At last he reached the spot where he had rested. But what were his feelings? The poor dog had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail. He tried to rise, but his strength was gone; and after stretching out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in an agony of regret, he closed his eyes in death.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father: for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee as fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee:
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;—
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother: for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
O well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember thy mother : for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath ;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother : his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother : wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament, purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister : not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown ;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

A CARAVAN proceeding to Damascus was once attacked by a tribe of Arabs, and, after a brief resistance, entirely overpowered. A rich booty fell into the hands of the robbers. But while they were occupied with the examination and distribution of their spoils, they, in their turn, were assailed by a troop of Turkish horsemen, that had gone out from Acre to

meet and escort the luckless caravan. The scale of fortune was at once turned. The robbers were overpowered; many of them were killed, and the rest were taken prisoners. These last were securely bound with cords, and carried to Acre to be given as presents to the pacha.*

Among the Arabs who had escaped death was a man named Hassan. He had been wounded during the fight by a bullet in the arm; but as his wound was not mortal, the Turks placed him upon the back of a camel, and carried him away with the others. Hassan was the possessor of a very fine horse, which also fell into the hands of the conquerors.

The evening before they expected to reach Acre, the Turks and their prisoners were encamped in a hilly country. Hassan lay by the side of one of the tents, his feet bound together by a leathern thong. Kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard the neighing of his horse; which, as is the custom in the East, passed the night in the open air, near the tents, with his legs fastened together, so that he could not move. He recognised the voice of his faithful companion, and, unable to resist the desire to see and caress him once more, he slowly and painfully crawled along upon his hands and knees, till he reached the spot where the horse stood.

"My poor friend," said he, "what will become of you in the hands of the Turks? They will shut you up in close and unwholesome stables with the horses of a pacha. My wife and children will no longer bring you camels' milk to drink, or give you barley to eat in the hollow of their hands. You will no

* Pronounced *pa-shaw'*.

longer skim over the desert with the fleetness of the wind. You will no longer bathe in the refreshing waters of the Jordan, the foam of which is not whiter than thy silken skin. Go back to the tent of thy master. Tell my wife that she will never see her husband more; and lick the hands of my children with your tongue in token of a father's love."

While thus speaking, Hassan had gnawed away with his teeth the thong of goat-skin with which the legs of his horse had been fastened together, and the noble animal stood free. But the faithful and intelligent creature, seeing his master wounded and motionless at his feet, seemed instinctively to comprehend what no language could have communicated to him. He stooped his head, and grasping with his teeth the leathern girdle which encircled his master's waist, ran off with him in his mouth at full gallop. He thus bore him over many a weary league of mountain and plain, until his desert home was reached. Then, gently depositing his beloved master by the side of his wondering wife and children, he fell himself, and died from exhaustion.

All the tribe to which Hassan belonged wept over the body of the faithful steed; and more than one Arab poet has commemorated in song his sagacity and his self-sacrificing devotion.

GOLD DUST.

"FIRST, I am going to write to my mother," said Thomas, with his eye on the clock, parcelling out Wednesday afternoon; "next, I'll have two hours'

play ; then I'll come in and study my algebra lesson ; after supper, I'll go and hear that man lecture on Africa." Did he do all this ? for boys as well as men make capital plans, which they do not always execute.

No sooner said than Tom took his writing materials, and sat down to write. There was a great hurrah in the street, but he never got up to look out. He went for the Dictionary to learn how a word was spelled. "Why need you care, when you are only writing home ?" asked one of Tom's cousins, who was waiting for him. "I *always* care," answered Tom. The letter was finished, well done for a boy of his age, in about three-quarters of an hour, and he was ready to be off. And so the afternoon was filled up as promptly as that letter was filled up. That is a specimen of Tom.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said his uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him stated that he was going on, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly. That boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold dust !" where did Tom get gold dust ? He was a poor boy. He never was a miner. Where did *he* get gold dust ? Ah ! he had the *seconds* and the *minutes*, and these are the gold dust of time — *specks* and *particles* of time, which boys, and girls, and grown-up people are so apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His deceased father,

a poor minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth more than gold ; and his son took care of them, as if they were. He never spent them foolishly.

It is a mistake to suppose that the miners and the mints have all the gold dust. You, my young friends, have some,—some of infinitely greater value than the richest mines can yield. God does not give it to you in gold bars, a day, a month, a year long,—nobody can be trusted with so much time all at once ; but he wisely deals it out in seconds and minutes, so that you can make the most of it. If you are robbed of one, or lose it, the loss is comparatively small. It can *never*, to be sure, be made up,—the *whole world* cannot make up for a minute lost ; but if it teach you to be thoughtful and careful of the rest, you will by-and-by be rich with the golden years of a useful and happy life.

Reader ! take care of your “ gold dust.”

THE THREE STEPS.

“ If I *do* right, it is nobody’s business how I feel,” said Arthur.

“ But you ought to *think* right,” said his brother ; “ *thinking* wrong is just as bad as *doing* wrong.”

“ No, no,” cried Arthur ; “ shooting a man, and only *wanting* to shoot him, I take to be very different—very different indeed.”

“ Yes, different,” said his brother ; “ but one commonly grows out of the other ; so they have the same root.”

"I don't understand you," said Arthur. "I may hate any one as much as I please; but if I treat him well, it is nobody's business but my own; nobody can complain."

"'Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer,' the Bible says."

"Nobody is *hung* for his feelings," said Arthur.

The boys were not likely to convince each other, therefore we took up the thread of their talk; and as other boys may be interested, and we hope profited, we will give it to them.

There are commonly *three steps* in guilt. Have you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible? I daresay you are familiar with it. It illustrates very clearly each of these three steps.

The first is *wrong feelings*. Joseph's brothers, you know, were envious of him; they were jealous of their father's partiality for him; and, lovely as he was, the Bible says, "They hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him." There might still have been kind treatment at home, and no one might have seen by their manner the feelings which lurked in their hearts; but their hearts *had* gone astray, and, on the principles of God's law, they had committed sin. There was guilt,—not of action, indeed, but of *feeling*. And the worst of it is, the wrong does not usually stop here. This is the danger.

It takes the next, the second step—*meaning* to do wrong, *planning* to do wrong. A great many things may hinder a person from *carrying out* his wicked feelings. The providence of God may restrain him from inflicting injury, however he may wish to do it. Did Joseph's brethren *lay plans* to do him

harm? You remember his father sent him into the fields to see how his brothers and their flocks were getting along; and when "they saw him afar off, they conspired against him to slay him." They said one to another, "Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit; and we will say some evil beast hath devoured him." Here you see the *guilty purpose*, when the mind, in opposition to duty and conscience, *decides to do wrong*.

The *third* step—the outward act—is the last step. Did Joseph's brothers *carry out* their wicked project? On his arrival, they seized the poor unoffending boy, and threw him down into a deep pit, and left him there, to die of hunger and grief. Shortly after, some travelling traders coming along that way, they concluded to pull him up from the pit and sell him into slavery. This they did; and then killing a kid, they dipped the poor boy's coat in the blood, and carried it home to his father, as a proof that he had been eaten by wild beasts. This is the *guilty act*, and it is guilty actions only which the laws of men punish. Human laws are designed to *protect society*, and they punish according to the injury done. God's laws go a great way *behind* the act; they would *stop wrong in the beginning*. God looks at the heart as the real seat of right and wrong, and he would have everything clean and pure *there*. Therefore it is *sinful feelings* by which he judges people. He says, "Whosoever *hateth* his brother is a murderer." The *root* of all evil is in the *feeling*.

So you see the danger of harbouring *sinful thoughts*. They may ruin all your prospects for this world; and if not quite as bad as that, they always

damage a person in some way. But the solemn consideration is, *God judges you by them.* Arthur said, "If he *did* right, it was nobody's business how he *felt*." It is true we look at the *conduct* of people, and are thankful for all good behaviour; but it is Arthur's, it is every boy's, and every man's and woman's most important, most serious business, to *look after the state of the heart*; for while "man looketh on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh on the heart."

Yes, boys, have *your hearts right, clean, pure*; there is the real seat of principles. And how can you have them thus, but by seeking God's Spirit to come and dwell in them? "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

COURAGE.

"I NEVER thought that Frank Pitt would turn out a coward," said James Howard to his brother John.

John had been at the same school with Frank and James, and had but recently left, so that he knew Frank very well.

"I certainly never expected it myself," said John. "Did not Frank a few weeks ago jump into the deepest part of the river to save a poor boy who had fallen in, and would have been drowned but for his aid? And was it not Frank who stood and faced Farmer Chase's fierce bull, when the rest of the boys all scampered away without daring to look behind them? I certainly never thought he would be a coward."

"But he is," said James; "all the boys say so."

"And how has he shown it?" asked his brother.

"Why, this evening," replied James, "we were all playing at football, and Frank, running after the ball in great haste, knocked over Charles Scott, and left him sprawling in the dirt, without stopping to ask if he was hurt."

"I do not see," said John, "that this was cowardly, though it may have been unkind."

"Stop," said James; "you have not heard half yet. Some of the boys, who saw poor Charles tumble, came up and told him that he ought to fight Frank. He had not thought much about the fall before, and did not seem to wish to fight, but they asked him whether he was afraid. Charles, you know, is a brave little fellow, and would not have it said that he was afraid. So he went up to Frank and offered to fight him. But Frank said that he would not fight; and when some of the boys asked him if he was afraid of Charles, he only turned to Charles and asked his pardon for having pushed him down. The boys all think it very cowardly, particularly as Charles is not so strong as Frank, and Frank ought not to be afraid of him."

"Stay," said his brother; "I am not quite so sure that the boys judge rightly what is brave and what is cowardly. What did you say was the reason that Charles Scott was so ready to fight?"

"Because he could not bear to be called a coward."

"Would his being called a coward make him one?"

"I do not know, but no boy of spirit likes to have such a name as that."

"Then Charles was afraid of being called a coward,

and, therefore, was ready to fight. It was fear, then, not courage, that made him so hasty!"

"I do not know," said James; "but, at any rate, it must have been cowardly in Frank to be afraid of a boy less than himself."

"Yes," said John, "if he was afraid. But let us see; do you think Frank liked being thought a coward?"

"No," said James; "I saw him colour very much when he was asked if he was afraid. But he did not say anything."

"Have you ever heard that it is wrong to fight and quarrel?"

"Yes," said James; "our master has often told us so, and has read to us from the Bible, 'Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' But we boys cannot be so good; and I hope it is not very wrong to show a little spirit."

"If we disobey God's commandments," said John, "we sin; and it is not safe to talk about our not being very wrong. At any rate, those who avoid fighting avoid doing what is wrong."

"Well," said James, "perhaps Frank was right after all, and I will tell the boys to-morrow what you have said. But I cannot help thinking he was not very courageous."

"I am not sure of that," said his brother. "You say that he is stronger than Charles. He could not, then, have run much risk of being beaten."

"No," said James; "the boys all thought that Charles would have no chance with him."

"And he was pretty sure of being laughed at and

of being called a coward if he did not fight. It seems to me, then, that he had much more reason to fear being ridiculed than to fear being hurt. And I call a boy really brave who does not fear to do right when his companions laugh at him for it."

"But," said his brother, "why did he not say that he was not afraid?"

"Perhaps," replied John, "he thought that would only seem like boasting, and make Charles more angry. Besides, he felt he had been partly wrong at the first, and he had the honesty to own it. Boys are very often mistaken in what they call courage. They think the boy most courageous who is most ready to fight; while this really arises either from passion or from fear of ridicule; and only shows that he either has forgotten or has not courage to do what is right. It is true courage, to own a fault and ask pardon for it. And when a boy does this to one weaker than himself, while his school-fellows are persuading him to fight, and laughing at him for not doing so; and when he submits to such insult lest he should seem to boast or give further offence—I call that boy not only courageous but generous."

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts, and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks;
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;

And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy,
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry.

Nor is there any one in sight,
All round, in hollow or on height ;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear ;—
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below ;
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere :
Thither the rainbow comes ; the cloud ;
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way

O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground!
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen—that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell;
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well:
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry—
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side;—
How nourished here through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate.

WORDSWORTH.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

THERE was a certain slave named Androcles, who was so ill treated by his master that his life became insupportable. Finding no remedy for what he suffered, he at length said to himself, "It is better to die than to continue to live in such hardships and misery as I am obliged to suffer. I am determined, therefore, to run away from my master. If I am taken again, I know that I shall be punished with a cruel death; but it is better to die at once than to live in misery. If I escape, I must betake myself to deserts and woods, inhabited only by wild beasts; but they cannot use me more cruelly than I have been used by my fellow-creatures. Therefore I will rather trust myself with them than continue to be a miserable slave."

Having formed this resolution, he took an opportunity of leaving his master's house, and hid himself in a thick forest, which was at some miles' distance from the city. But here the unhappy man found that he had only escaped from one kind of misery to experience another. He wandered about all day through a vast and trackless wood, where his flesh was continually torn by thorns and brambles. He grew hungry, but could find no food in this dreary solitude. At length he was ready to die with fatigue, and lay down in despair in a large cavern which he found by accident.

This unfortunate man had not lain long quiet in the cavern before he heard a dreadful noise, which seemed to be the roar of some wild beast, and terri-

fied him very much. He started up with a design to escape, and had already reached the mouth of the cave, when he saw coming towards him a lion of prodigious size, that prevented any possibility of retreat. The unfortunate man now believed his destruction to be inevitable; but, to his great astonishment, the beast advanced towards him with a gentle pace, without any mark of enmity or rage, and uttered a kind of mournful sound, as if he solicited the assistance of the man.

Androcles, who was naturally of a resolute disposition, acquired courage from this circumstance to examine his monstrous visitor, who gave him sufficient leisure for that purpose. He saw, as the lion approached him, that he seemed to limp upon one of his legs, and that the foot was extremely swelled, as if it had been wounded. Acquiring still more fortitude from the gentle demeanour of the beast, he went up to him, and took hold of the wounded paw, as a surgeon would examine a patient. He then perceived that a thorn of uncommon size had penetrated the ball of the foot, and was the occasion of the swelling and lameness which he had observed. Androcles found that the beast, far from resenting such familiarity, received it with the greatest gentleness, and seemed, by his blandishments, to invite him to proceed. He therefore extracted the thorn, and, pressing the swelling, discharged a considerable quantity of matter, which had been the cause of much pain and uneasiness.

As soon as the beast felt himself thus relieved, he began to testify his joy and gratitude by every expression within his power. He jumped about like a

wanton spaniel, wagged his enormous tail, and licked the feet and hands of his physician. Nor was he contented with these demonstrations of kindness: from that moment Androcles became his guest; nor did the lion ever sally forth in quest of prey without bringing home the produce of his chase, and sharing it with his friend. In this savage state of hospitality did the man continue to live during the space of several months. At length, wandering unguardedly through the woods, he met with a company of soldiers sent out to apprehend him, and was by them taken prisoner, and conducted back to his master.

The laws of that country being very severe against slaves, he was tried, and found guilty of having fled from his master; and, as a punishment for his pretended crime, he was sentenced to be torn in pieces by a furious lion, kept many days without food, to inspire him with additional rage.

When the destined moment arrived, the unhappy man was exposed, unarmed, in the midst of a spacious area, enclosed on every side, around which many thousand people were assembled to view the mournful spectacle.

Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which struck the spectators with horror; and a monstrous lion rushed out of a den, which was purposely set open, and darted forward, with erect mane, and flaming eyes, and jaws that gaped like an open sepulchre. A mournful silence instantly prevailed. All eyes were turned upon the destined victim, whose destruction now seemed inevitable. But the pity of the multitude was soon converted into astonishment, when they beheld the lion, instead of destroying his defenceless

prey, crouch submissively at his feet ; fawn upon him, as a faithful dog would do upon his master ; and rejoice over him, as a mother that unexpectedly recovers her offspring.

The governor of the town, who was present, then called out with a loud voice, and ordered Androcles to explain to them this great mystery,—how a savage beast, of the fiercest and most unpitying nature, could thus in a moment have forgotten his innate disposition, and become a harmless and inoffensive animal.

Androcles then related to the assembly every circumstance of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying, that the very lion which now stood before them had been his friend and entertainer.

All the persons present were astonished and delighted with the story—to find that even the fiercest beasts are capable of being softened by gratitude, and moved by compassion ; and they unanimously joined to entreat for the pardon of the unhappy man from the governor of the place. This was immediately granted to him ; and he was also presented with the lion, that had in this manner twice saved the life of Androcles.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A FORWARD hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd,—
For geniuses are ever proud.
He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow,—

Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length!
A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation :
" O puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match ;—nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial."
'Twas 'done' and 'done,' 'all fair,' 'a bet,'
Judges prepared, and distance set.
The scampering hare outstripped the wind;
The creeping tortoise lagged behind,
And scarce had passed a single pole
When puss had almost reached the goal.
" Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,
" Your burden's more than you can bear ;
To help your speed it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell !
Jog on a little faster, prithee ;
I'll take a nap and then be with thee."
The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolved to persevere ;—
On to the goal securely crept,
While puss, unknowing, soundly slept.
The bets were won, the hare awoke,
When thus the victor tortoise spoke :
" Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts ;
You may deride my awkward pace ;
But *slow and steady* wins the race."

LLOYD.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

PART I.

THERE is no period of time recorded by history in which we do not find the dog the friend and the servant of man ; nor is there any literature which does not contain some tribute to his faithfulness and sagacity.

The savage, roaming over the pathless wilderness, and dependent upon the animals in the forest and the fish in the streams for his daily food, and the civilized man, dwelling in a comfortable house in a town or village, agree in the attachment they feel for their four-footed friends. Many men of great eminence in literature and science have been remarkable for their fondness for dogs ; and not a few poets have sung the praises of particular specimens of the race. Sir Walter Scott was strongly attached to them, and had one or more of them about him at all times during his life. In one of his works he thus speaks of them : " The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, has invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe ; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He has a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity."

A long course of domestication, and peculiar modes

of training and rearing, have divided the canine race into nearly a hundred varieties; many of which show marked difference in size and appearance. The savage bull-dog seems hardly to belong to the same race as the delicate lap-dog, that sleeps on the rug, and is washed and combed by its fair mistress almost as carefully as an infant. The swift and slim greyhound looks very little like the sturdy and square-built mastiff. But there are certain traits of character which, in a greater or less degree, are common to all the kinds. Sagacity, docility, benevolence, a capacity to receive instruction, and attachment to his master's person, are qualities which belong to the whole race. Many anecdotes are to be found in books, illustrating the virtues and intelligence of the dog, from which we have made a selection for the entertainment of our young readers.

Many instances have been recorded in which persons have been saved from drowning by dogs, especially by those of the Newfoundland breed, which have a natural love of the water. A vessel was once driven by a storm on the coast of Kent, in England. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of

wood, and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved.

A person, while rowing a boat, pushed his Newfoundland dog into the stream. The animal followed the boat for some time, till, probably finding himself fatigued, he endeavoured to get into it by placing his feet on the side. His owner repeatedly pushed the dog away; and in one of his efforts to do so, he lost his balance and fell into the river, and would probably have been drowned, had not the affectionate and generous animal immediately seized and held him above water till assistance arrived from the shore.

A boatman once plunged into the water to swim with another man for a wager. His Newfoundland dog, mistaking the purpose, and supposing that his master was in danger, plunged in after him, and dragged him to the shore by his hair, to the great diversion of the spectators.

Nor are the good offices of dogs to man displayed only on the water. A young man in the north of England, while he was tending his father's sheep, had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. He was three miles from home, in an unfrequented spot, where no one was likely to come; evening was fast approaching, and he was in great pain from the fracture. In this sad condition, he folded one of his gloves in a pocket-handkerchief, fastened

it around the dog's neck, and then ordered him home in an emphatic tone of voice.

The dog, convinced that something was wrong, ran home with the utmost speed, and scratched with great violence at the door of the house for admittance. The parents of the young man were greatly alarmed at his appearance, especially when they had examined the handkerchief and its contents. Instantly concluding that some accident had befallen their son, they did not delay a moment to go in search of him. The dog anxiously led the way, and conducted the agitated parents to the spot where their suffering son was lying. Happily, he was removed just at the close of day; and the necessary assistance having been procured, he soon recovered.

On one of the roads leading from Switzerland to Italy, called the Pass of St. Bernard, is a convent situated at more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the winter time, when the cold is intense and the snows are deep, travellers are exposed to great danger; and the inmates of the convent, when storms are raging, are in the habit of going abroad to assist such wayfarers as may need their service. They are accompanied by their dogs, a noble breed of animals, called by the name of the convent where they are kept. They carry food and cordials fastened to their necks, and are able to pass over snow wreaths too light to bear the weight of a man. They are aided by the acuteness of their scent in finding the unfortunate persons who have been buried in the snow; and many men have owed their lives to the timely succour afforded by these four-footed philanthropists.

One of them, which had served the convent for twelve years, is said to have been instrumental in saving the lives of forty individuals. He once found a little boy, who had become benumbed by the cold, and had fallen down upon a wreath of snow. By licking his hands and face, and by his caresses, he induced the little fellow to get upon his back, and cling with his arms around his neck; and in this way he brought him in triumph to the convent. This incident forms the subject of a well-known picture. When this dog died, his skin was stuffed and deposited in the museum at Berne; and the little vial in which he carried a cordial draught for the exhausted traveller still hangs about his neck. How many men have there been, endowed with reason and speech, whose lives were less useful than that of this noble dog!

PART II.

It is also unquestionable that dogs have some mode of communicating among themselves. A remarkable instance of this is given in a book called the "Cyclopædia of Natural History." A gentleman living near St. Andrews, in Scotland, had a very fine Newfoundland dog. About a mile off there was a farm house, where a large mastiff was kept as a watch-dog; and about the same distance in another direction there was a mill where a stanch bull-dog kept guard. Each of these three dogs was lord paramount within his own domain, and two of them seldom met without a fight to settle their respective dignities.

The Newfoundland dog used to go every forenoon to the baker's shop in the village, with a towel con-

taining money tied in the corner, returning with the value of the money in bread. There were many useless and ill-behaved curs in the village; but generally the haughty Newfoundland treated this ignoble race in that contemptuous style in which great dogs are wont to treat little ones. When the dog came back from the baker's shop, he was regularly served with his dinner.

One day, however, he returned with his coat soiled and his ears scratched, having been attacked by a large number of curs while he had charge of his towel and bread, and so could not defend himself. Instead of waiting for his dinner as usual, he laid down his charge somewhat sulkily, and marched off. It was observed that he went in a straight line to the farmer's house; and it was noticed as a remarkable fact, that the meeting between the two dogs was peaceful, and not warlike. After laying their heads together, and conversing in some language which they understood, the two set off in the direction of the mill; and having arrived there, they in brief space engaged the miller's dog as an ally.

The three champions now took the nearest road to the village, and, having reached it, scoured it in great wrath, and took summary vengeance on every cur they met. Having taken ample satisfaction for the insult that had been offered to the Newfoundland, they separated, and each went home. When any two of them met afterwards, they went to fighting as before, just as if the joint campaign had never taken place.

We will conclude these anecdotes of dogs with a short moral. Some boys, more perhaps from thoughtlessness than cruelty, amuse themselves by worrying

dogs, throwing stones at them, and otherwise ill-treating them. Such conduct is very wrong ; and no manly and generous boy will ever be guilty of it. Cruelty to any animal is highly to be blamed ; and especially when shown to a dog, the docile and intelligent friend of man, that loves him while living and mourns him when dead, repaying kindness with affectionate gratitude, and often showing an undeserved attachment to a worthless and ill-tempered master.

LOST IN THE FOREST.

PART I.

AN English soldier in the Island of Ceylon was very fond of making short excursions into the forest ; and one evening he set out, intending, as usual, to keep upon the outskirts, and return before it was dark. But as he was walking along, a peacock ran across the path, and he was seized with a desire to catch it. He ran after it, pelting it with stones ; and became so much interested in the chase that he forgot where he was, and entangled himself in the mazes of the forest. Then he gave up all wish for the peacock, as well he might, and thought only of how to find his way back !

But it was something like getting into a labyrinth. No path was to be seen ; and the best thing he could do was to climb a tree, and ascertain in which part of the sky the sun was setting, that it might be a guide to him. But the trees were lofty and thick, and he could not see anything of the sun, or catch even his faintest gleams. So he descended in haste, dreading lest

night, with its attendant dangers, should overtake him in this wilderness.

But, alas ! an enemy met him at the very outset. He was trespassing on the domain of beasts, and birds, and reptiles, and could expect nothing else than encounters with them. And so it was that at this moment a lordly elephant stood full in his way, listlessly flapping his ears and swinging his trunk, as elephants always do when they stand still to drive away the flies.

The elephants lead a very pleasant life in these great forests, bathing in the rivers that meander through them, or rolling their gigantic bodies on the luxuriant grass. The young and tender branches afford them a constant supply of food, and they can tear them down with their trunks from the loftiest trees. The other animals treat the elephant with respect, on account of his superior size. Even the tiger does not care to attack him ; for, if he did, he would be received upon his tusks, and tossed into the air. The female elephant has no tusks, and cannot toss her enemy ; but, what is quite as fatal, she has a habit of throwing herself upon him, and stamping him to death with her feet.

Man is the most powerful foe the elephant has to dread. He kindles a fire, and the huge animal is struck with terror at the mysterious light that blazes amongst the trees, and flies before it, trampling down everything in his way ; or else he digs a pit, and covers it over with turf, and the elephant falls in, and is caught as in a trap. . When he has expended his strength in useless struggles, he seems to give up the contest, and becomes the docile servant of his captor.

It often happens, that, when an elephant is alone,

he has been driven from the herd, and is not in the best of humours. At all events the soldier was afraid to pass him. He had no desire to feel the tread of his great foot, that could crush the strongest man as easily as a cat could crush a mouse. So he slipped out of his way, and struck off in another direction. This new path seemed more open than the other ; but in reality it led him deeper and deeper into the mazes of the forest. He fancied he heard the elephant coming after him, and ran as fast as the prickly brushwood would let him. To add to his alarm, it began to get dark, and he felt that he should have to spend the night alone in the forest !

The thought was a very terrible one. The wild beasts would soon come out of their dens, and roam in search of prey. He had no blazing fire to keep them at a distance ; no poisoned arrows to shoot them with,—no weapon of defence. What was to become of him ?

One thing was certain,—he must climb a tree, and spend the night amongst its branches. But the trees were not so easy to climb ; their stems were tall and straight, and shot up to a vast height without a single branch. The natives often cut steps in the trunk with a hatchet ; but he had no hatchet, and was obliged to wander about until he found a tree with branches low enough for him to reach. Then he scrambled up as high as he could get, and held a stout stick in his hand, to defend himself against the bears ; for some bears, he knew, could climb as well as a cat.

He could not go to sleep, nor was it very likely he should ; for, in the clear moonlight, he saw the ele-

phants and other animals roaming about, and even passing close by the tree on which he was perched.

PART II.

He was glad, indeed, when morning came, and he could make another attempt to find his way out of this gloomy forest ! But after several hours' walking and running, he became more bewildered than ever, and at last sat down upon a fallen tree, completely worn out.

He had scarcely sat two minutes, when a snake with a curious mark on the back of its neck, something like a pair of spectacles, raised its head and looked at him in a threatening manner. It was evidently provoked that any one should dare to sit down so near it, and it puffed out its neck like a hood. The soldier knew too well what kind of an enemy he had to deal with : it was the spectacle, or hooded snake, and one of the most deadly of its tribe.

Strange as it may seem, the natives of Ceylon regard the hooded snake with veneration. They think it belongs to another world, and only comes here as a visitor. They never kill one if they can help it ; and when it gets into their houses, they contrive to put it in a bag, and carry it away to a distance.

The hooded snake never bites unless it is provoked ; and then it gives warning of its intention by puffing out its neck, moving its head from side to side, glaring with its eyes, and making a loud hissing.

All this it was doing at the present moment ; and the soldier, fully expecting it to dart upon him, took to his heels and ran away.

He continued running until he was out of breath, and then he found himself in a more open part of the

forest. A number of fallen trees lay upon the ground, as though a hurricane had torn them up and tossed them there. This was just the place for snakes, and a great many, of different kinds and colours, were gliding in and out of the prostrate logs. They made off as fast as they could, and disappeared among the bushes ; but still the soldier halted, and durst not proceed a step further. A great brown and yellow snake, as thick as a man's body, and nearly thirty feet long, lay coiled upon the ground. It did not attempt to stir, but raised its head, and fixed its keen eyes upon him. It was the terrible rock snake, of which so many marvellous stories are told. Its powerful jaws can open so wide as to swallow a deer at one mouthful ! This great snake, strong as it is, does not move very quickly, and catches its prey by cunning. It lies in the track where the deer are accustomed to pass, and as they go by, it catches hold of them by two sharp horny spurs that grow upon its body, near to the tail.

The soldier knew this snake as well as he had done the other, and felt very anxious to get out of its way. So he crept cautiously back ; treading as lightly as he could on the fallen trunks, which crumbled to pieces under his feet ; and dreading every minute to be bitten by the snakes that lurked inside them.

At length, to his great joy, he came upon the banks of a river. He could now quench his thirst and bathe his temples ; and he hoped, by following its course, to meet with natives or to find his way out of the forest. He had only gone a few yards, when he heard a loud chattering over-head, and looking up saw a crowd of monkeys grinning and grimacing at

him. They were a merry group, and seemed to be enjoying themselves in their leafy home. And, indeed, nothing can be more pleasant than the life of the monkeys in their native forests. From the tops of the trees they look securely down on the lion, the tiger, and the elephant; and even pelt them with cocoa nuts, when they are in the humour for mischief. But they are terribly afraid of the snake. For the snake will come, wreathing itself up a tree, when they are least aware of it; and woe to the monkey that is taking his afternoon's nap! He will be swallowed before he gets time to make any defence!

In these great forests, the trees are often so matted together that the monkeys can travel for miles and miles along the tops of them, without coming to the ground; and when they come to a river they have a very ingenious way of getting over it. There are no bridges, and they can neither swim nor fly: how do you think they manage it? They make a chain bridge of their own bodies! One monkey tightly links himself to his neighbour, and they let themselves swing. A third steps on their bodies, and clasping the second, makes another link in the chain. This goes on until the chain is long enough to reach across the river, and then the last monkey swings himself upwards, and, by a violent effort, grasps the tree on the opposite bank. Over this living bridge the rest of the monkeys cross, and the danger of falling into the stream does not prevent them giving each other sundry nips and pinches. When all are safely landed, the monkey that made the first link lets go his hold, and the bridge falls gently down upon the opposite bank.

The trees in which the monkeys were chattering were loaded with cocoa nuts; and, as the soldier was very hungry, he longed to get some of them to eat. He intended to make the monkeys throw them down to him; and he began to pelt them with stones, knowing very well that they would pelt him with nuts in return. And so they did,—pulling them off the trees, and flinging them at him with all their might. He contrived to dodge out of the way, and escape a broken head; and then picked up his nuts and ran off with them.

The forest became wilder and wilder, and the darkness gave him warning that he should have to spend another night there. This time, he thought he would tie himself into a tree, so that he might, if possible, get a little sleep without being in danger of falling. The cord he used was one of the vegetable cables which abounded in the forest, formed of climbing plants twisted together, and as tough and strong as rope. He might have had a better night, but his clothes were soon saturated with the heavy and chilling dew that falls in these tropical countries. And by-and-by he heard a loud barking and howling, that was almost deafening—the sounds of the jackals in close pursuit of their prey.

The jackals are more voracious than the wolves, and will attack everything they meet with. All day they are hidden in their dens; but when night comes, they issue forth in packs, and scour the forest round. The jackal that first scents the prey gives notice to the rest by a loud howl, and all the pack answer him. The lion often hears the cry, and follows at a distance; then, when the jackals have run

down their prey, and are just going to devour it, in steps the lion, and the jackals have to give place, and wait until he has satisfied his hunger.

PART III.

The poor soldier had no chance of sleep in the midst of all this noise. As soon as it was light, he came down from his roosting-place, and continued his way along the river. But very soon the bank became so covered with jungle and prickly shrubs, that he was obliged to take to the water and wade. It was very fatiguing work, and when he came to a more open place, he lay down upon a rock, and, in spite of the glaring rays of the sun that beat fully upon him, he sank into a deep sleep. When he awoke, he got a terrible fright: close beside him were the foot-marks of tigers, freshly made upon the soft mud. They had evidently been there while he was asleep, and he had been quite at their mercy. His escape seemed almost miraculous, and he did not leave the spot until he had kneeled down and thanked God for it.

He was now very hungry, and seeing the peacocks feeding on red berries, he thought he would try them. But they were sour and disagreeable, and he did not think it prudent to eat many of them.

By-and-by he was better off; for he came to some cocoa-nut trees, growing in a cluster, on the river's bank. Hundreds of parrots, with bright green, yellow, and red plumage, were flying about amongst the branches, and kept up such a harsh screaming that they almost drove him distracted. And there were numbers of brilliantly dressed birds with bills as large as their bodies, and that looked so heavy,

he wondered how they could carry them. These were the toucans; and so far from being incommoded by the weight of their bills, they were hopping about as nimbly as the parrots. In fact, the bill is very light, and consists of a delicate net-work of bone, covered over with a horny coating. The tongue is long and narrow, and as stiff as whalebone; it is fringed on each side with filaments, so as to look like a feather; and it can be darted several inches beyond the bill.

The toucan feeds upon fruit and spices; but he is not satisfied with a wholly vegetable diet. He devours mice and small birds, and has a great liking for eggs, cunningly driving away the parents, and then regaling himself on the contents of the nest. When he seizes his prey, he jerks it up into the air, and catches it again in his wide bill, and, by a few squeezes, kills it. Then he dexterously breaks the bones, and swallows it piece by piece, not leaving even the beak and legs, if it happens to be a bird. All the while he makes a hollow, chattering noise with his bill, as if exulting over his meal.

The nest of the toucan is in the hollow of a tree; and when he goes to roost, he turns his tail up over his back, and nestles his great bill on his shoulder until it is quite concealed among the feathers.

He is as noisy as the parrot; and altogether they made such a din that the soldier was glad to get out of their way. Happily for him, the elephants had been there before him, tearing down the branches; and numbers of cocoa nuts lay strewed upon the ground. On these he made a good supper, and tied himself into a tree for the night. The moon shone

in all her splendour, and he could distinctly see the animals come down to the river to drink.

And here I may tell you that in hot countries the creatures in the forest have, at all times, an abundance of food ; but every now and then there comes a drought, and the supply of water is cut off. Rivers and lakes dry up under the burning rays of the sun ; and the animals, parched with thirst, wander a long way in search of something to drink. When they have found a spring, they all draw up on its banks, for they must either drink or die. The elephants march in a long line, from the depths of the forest ; the buffaloes come in a herd, depending on their numbers for safety. The lion and the tiger meet each other face to face ; and the smaller animals, such as the jackal and the timid deer, venture to the water's edge, though it is as much as their lives are worth. The snake, too, is there, taking possession of the bank, and seizing as much prey as he can get. Like the rest of his tribe, he sleeps with his eyes open, and seems for ever on the watch. Fierce battles take place every hour, and the weak fall victims to the strong. But the snake is always able to defend himself ; his scales are like an armour, and no animal cares to venture near him, and run the risk of being crushed to death in his coils.

PART IV.

The next day, the soldier lived on his cocoa nuts ; dashing them against the trees to break the shells,—though by so doing he lost the milky juice. When he had eaten as many kernels as he could, he wrapped the rest in his jacket, and carried them under his arm.

All at once he thought he heard men shouting, and made for the place, overjoyed at the prospect of meeting with human beings. But, alas ! the sound died away, and was not repeated ; and after running about a mile without seeing any trace of his fellow-creatures, he found himself more than ever entangled in the forest. He began to retrace his steps towards the river ; but, to his great alarm, three elephants were standing full in his way. One of them was a young one, and came frolicing up to him, as if in play. He ran back, and looked around for a tree to climb ; but the branches were all too high for him to reach ; and in his haste his foot slipped, and he fell all his length under the elephant's nose ! The elephant stopped, touched him, smelt him, and even turned him over with its trunk. The soldier was very much afraid it would trample upon him ; and, jumping suddenly up, he gave such a shout that the elephant was scared, and ran back to its companions. Then, all the three came rushing towards the soldier, bending and breaking everything before them. But fear lent the soldier wings, and he ran so fast that he soon left them behind him. Unfortunately, he had left his jacket behind him too, with all his cocoa nuts in it ; and he would have lost his dinner if he had not come upon another fruit that did as well.

This was the fruit of the jack tree, which is so large that it weighs as much as seventy pounds ; and contains more than two hundred seeds or nuts, that are a little like chestnuts. The natives of Ceylon use it for food, cutting it in slices, and frying it in oil, or else eating it raw.

The soldier tried to make a fire by rubbing two

pieces of stick together ; but although he rubbed a long time, he could not get a spark. So he loaded himself with jack fruit, and went on in better spirits at having found such an abundant supply of food. But just at this minute he heard a loud grunting, and found that he was almost in the midst of a herd of wild boars !

The wild boars are very ferocious animals. While they are young, they form themselves into a phalanx, the weakest in the middle, and the strongest facing the danger ; and in this way they defy every other animal. But when the wild boar has come to maturity, he walks the forest fearless and alone. Hunting him is the favourite amusement in Ceylon. The hunter is mounted on horseback, and thrusts at the boar with a long spear, taking care not to let it go out of his hand. But he often gets the worst of it ; for the enraged animal will charge so furiously, as to drive both hunter and dogs off the field.

The soldier swam across the river, to get out of the way of the wild boars. When he reached the opposite bank he was very much exhausted ; and sitting down, he began to think over the many escapes he had had.

He continued wandering about in the forest some days longer, but did not meet with any more adventures worth relating. He became weak, so that at last he could not climb the trees, but lay down at the foot of one of them, and sank into a deep sleep. Here he was found by some natives, who had entered into the jungle to look for their cattle, that had gone astray. They roused him from his sleep ; but he was not able to stand, and seemed as if he had

lost his senses. They carried him away to the hospital; and every attention was paid to him. He slowly recovered his reason and his health; and when he was quite well, he related his marvellous escapes in the forest, as I have related them to you.

USEFUL MAXIMS.

Dost thou love live? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. How much more time than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that, "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest extravagance. Lost time is never found again. What we call time enough, always proves little enough.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all easy. He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night. Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

What signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. There are no gains without pains. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch your-

self asleep when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your country.

It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed ; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects. Constant dropping wears away stones. Little strokes fell great oaks.

FRANKLIN.

LATREILLE AND THE BEETLE.

AT the end of last century there lived, in a town of France, a celebrated naturalist named Latreille. He spent much of his time in watching the habits of insects, and took little interest in anything else. Suspected, however, of being an enemy to the government, he was seized and cast into prison. But it was the will of God to save Latreille, and a messenger was sent to deliver him. This messenger was a little blue beetle ! This little creature was crawling on the wall of his prison, and Latreille was watching it attentively at the very moment when the doctor of the prison was going his rounds. The doctor had a young friend who was fond of curious insects, and when Latreille told him that this little creature was a rare specimen, he carried it off to his friend.

This friend wished to see the man who had sent him such a rare beetle. He visited Latreille in prison, was delighted with his conversation, and as he happened to have some influence with the government, he persuaded them to set Latreille free.

Soon after, Latreille's fellow-prisoners were banished. They were sent in a ship bound to Cayenne, which

foundered in the Bay of Biscay, and every one on board perished. This would probably have been Latreille's fate, but for the visit to his prison of the little blue red-shouldered beetle.

He ever after loved the little creature, which he called "the miraculous cause of his liberty"—"an insect very dear to him." When he was an old man, one of these little beetles used to be his gift to his favourite pupils, and was highly prized by them, as a distinguishing mark of his favour.

This little insect was as truly the means used by God to deliver Latreille, as if God had sent an angel to open the prison doors. When it pleases God to deliver any one from prison, or from death, an insect may be his messenger, and do his will as well as an angel; for the smallest and least of his creatures obey his will and are not beneath his notice.

THE RESCUE.

A SHIP was passing over the great ocean, when one day the winds began to freshen and the clouds to gather, and there was every appearance of a storm. The cordage of the ship moaned in the winds, and the waves began to break on their tops and grow white. It was just at dark, and a little boy was playing with a large dog on the quarter-deck. They were very fond of each other, and the child and the dog were never long separate. After they had done rolling and playing, the boy climbed up on something, and, by a sudden lurch of the ship, was thrown overboard into the foaming sea.

Only one man heard the splash, without knowing who had fallen. In a moment he cried, "Some one overboard!" "Some one overboard!" ran through the ship. "Down with the helm!" cried the captain. "Man the boat!" again he shouted. By this time the dog seemed to understand that something was amiss, and looking round and smelling the track of the child, in an instant he leaped overboard and swam back in the path in which the ship had come. While the boat was being lowered down the side of the ship, the father of the boy, groaning, threw himself into it. The mother ran and hung over the taffrail in silent agony, trying to pierce the thick darkness which had settled down on the ocean. By the time the boat reached the water, they were fully a quarter of a mile from where the child fell.

Away went the boat in the darkness—out of sight. In what agony the mother hung over the ship, and lifted up her heart to God in behalf of her only child! All the hope there was, centred in that dog. The ship wore to and hung out lights, so that the men might be able to find their way back. Long, long did they row; but it was so dark they could not see anything. As they paused, about to give up the search, the father cried out, "I hear a splashing this way!" Away shot the boat in an instant, and there they found the poor dog, almost exhausted, holding up the child in its mouth!

How gladly did the father take them into the boat! The poor dog lay down, too tired to hold up his head. And how eagerly did that mother watch and strain her eyes to see the dark object which came towards the ship! And how did she

shout as the boat came alongside, and the child, living, but nearly dead, was handed into her arms!

Now this is simple fact. Can we doubt that that poor dog was under the direction of God, and guided to do as he did? Yes, assuredly the eye of God, which pierces through the darkness, was on that poor mother in her agony, and his ear was open to her cry. It was he who sent the dog to save the child, just as he sent the fish to find Jonah, and the ravens to feed Elijah. He ruleth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and all things, animate and inanimate, obey his will. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without him. And the same Power which upholds the sun in his mighty course, guides the movements and sustains the life of the meanest creature. Winds and seas obey his will. Without his permission, fire cannot burn, and water cannot drown. How safe, then, are those whom God keeps!

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England!

How beautiful they stand!

Amidst their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their green sward bound

Through shade and sunny gleam,

And the swan glides past them with the sound

Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
 Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light !
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told ;
Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England !
 By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brook
 And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !
 Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared,
 To guard each hallow'd wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God !

MRS. HEMANS.

THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.

Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at

one of the tables, and looking around with the most stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the two Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived in Paris. At this the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spake.

"I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrives ; we arrive, you arrive, they arrive."

The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked, "Did you speak to me, sir?"

"I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks ; we speak, you speak, they speak."

"How is this," said the Englishman ; "do you mean to insult me?"

The other replied, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults ; we insult, you insult, they insult."

"This is too much," said the Englishman ; "I will have satisfaction ! if you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me."

To this defiance the stranger replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes ; we come, you come, they come ;" and thereupon he rose with great coolness, and followed his challenger.

In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily despatched. They went into a neighbouring alley, and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, "Now, sir, you must fight me."

"I fight," replied the other, "thou fightest, he fights ; we fight," (here he made a thrust,) "you fight, they fight ;" (and here he disarmed his antagonist.)

"Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied."

"I am satisfied," said the original, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied; we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied."

"I am glad everybody is satisfied," said the Englishman; but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing it."

The grave gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible. "I am a Dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs; and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do. I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you of this before."

The Englishmen laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them.

"I will dine," replied he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine; we will dine, you will dine, they will dine,—we will all dine together."

This they accordingly did, and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

THE DISHONEST PEASANT.

IN the year 1794, a poor French emigrant was passing the winter in a small village in Westphalia.*

* *Westphalia*, a part of Germany.

He was obliged to live with the greatest economy, in order not to go beyond his means. One cold morning he had occasion to buy a load of wood. He found a peasant who had one to sell, and asked him what the price was. The peasant, who perceived by his broken German that he was a foreigner, and that his ignorance might be taken advantage of, answered that the price was three louisd'ors.* The Frenchman endeavoured to beat him down, but in vain; the peasant would abate nothing of his first demand. The emigrant, finding it useless to waste words with him, and being in immediate and pressing need of the fuel, at last took it, and paid the money that was asked for it.

The peasant, delighted to have made so good a bargain, drove with his empty cart to the village inn, which was not far distant, and ordered breakfast. While it was getting ready, he entertained the landlord with an account of the way in which he had cheated the Frenchman, and made him pay three louisd'ors for a load of wood which, at the utmost, was not worth more than seven shillings and sixpence; talking as if he had done a very bright thing.

But the landlord was a good man, and, feeling justly indignant at the peasant's conduct, told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, thus to have taken advantage of the ignorance of a poor foreigner.

"Well," said the peasant, with a scornful laugh, "the wood was mine; I had a right to ask just what I pleased for it; and nobody has a right to call my conduct in question."

* A *louisd'or* (pronounced *lu-e-dore*), literally a louis of gold, is a gold coin of the value of about eighteen shillings.

The landlord made no reply. When breakfast was over, the peasant asked how much was to pay. The landlord replied, "Three lousid'ors."

"What!" said the peasant, "three lousid'ors for a cup of coffee and a few slices of bread and butter!"

"Yes," said the landlord, with the utmost composure; "the coffee and bread and butter were mine; I have a right to ask just what I please for them. My bill is three lousid'ors; and I shall keep your horse and cart until you pay me. If you think I am charging you too much, you can go before the judge."

The peasant, without saying anything more, went to the judge's office, and made his complaint. The judge was surprised and indignant at the landlord's extortion, especially as he had always borne an excellent character.

He ordered him to be brought before him, and his reception of him was somewhat stern. But the landlord told him the whole story—how the peasant had taken advantage of the poor emigrant's ignorance to cheat him, what their conversation was, and how his own conduct was simply visiting upon the head of a dishonest man the wrong he had previously done to another.

Under such circumstances, the judge decided that the landlord had done right, and that the peasant should pay the three lousid'ors. The peasant, with a very ill grace, and with shame and anger in his face, drew out his purse and laid the money on the table.

"I do not want this money," said the landlord to the judge, "as your honour may well suppose. Will

you have the goodness to change one of these louisd'ors, and give the peasant seven shillings and sixpence out of it—for that, as he confessed to me, is all that his wood is worth,—and return the remainder to the poor Frenchman? For the breakfast I want nothing.”

The judge was much moved at these words of the good innkeeper. He counted out the seven shillings and sixpence to the peasant, and dismissed him with a severe rebuke. The rest was returned to the emigrant, who, on hearing the story, with difficulty prevailed upon the innkeeper to accept a small sum for the peasant's breakfast.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus

That sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in her strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“O father! I hear the church bells ring;
O say, what may it be?”
“’Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!”
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?”
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
T’wards the reef of Norman’s Woe.

To the rocks and breakers right ahead
She drifted, a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool ;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

LONGFELLOW.

STORY OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE vessel stopped for a few moments at the wharf, when a nurse with a child in her arms, wishing to see the city, went to the upper deck. Suddenly, as she was leaning over the vessel, the child sprang from her arms into the terrible current and disappeared immediately. The confusion which ensued attracted the attention of a gentleman, who was sitting in the fore part of the boat quietly reading. Rising hastily, he asked for some article the child had worn. The nurse handed him a tiny apron she had torn off in her efforts to retain the babe in her arms. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly watching his countenance, he pointed first to the apron, and then to the spot where the

child had gone under. In an instant the noble dog leaped into the rushing water, and also disappeared. By this time the excitement was intense ; and some persons on shore, supposing the dog was lost as well as the child, procured a boat, and started off to search for the body. Just at this moment the dog was seen far away with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves, but it was evident his strength was failing fast, and more than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him, and it was announced that he had the child, and that it was still alive. They were brought on board, the dog and the child.

Giving a single glance, to satisfy herself that the child was really living, the young mother rushed forward, and, sinking beside the dog, threw her arms around his neck, and burst into tears. Not many could view the sight unmoved ; and as she caressed and kissed his shaggy head, she looked up to his owner and said :—

“ Oh, sir, I must have this dog. I am rich ; take all I have—everything—but give me my child’s preserver.”

The gentleman smiled, and patting his dog’s head, said : “ I am very glad, madam, he has been of service, but nothing in the world could induce me to part with him.”

The dog looked as though he perfectly understood what they were talking about ; and, giving his sides a shake, laid himself down at his master’s feet, with an expression in his large eyes that said more plainly than words, “ No, nothing shall part us.”

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up! It is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, "Never give up!"

Never give up! There are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one;
And, through the chaos, high Wisdom arranges
Ever success, if you'll only hope on.
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of, "Never give up!"

Never give up! Though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up! If adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of, "Never give up!"

TUPPER.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CRUSOE AND HIS BOAT.

AS I had now a boat, my next design was to make a cruise round the island ; for as I had been on the other side in one place, crossing, as I have already described it, over the land, so the discoveries I made in that journey made me very eager to see other parts of the coast.

For this purpose, and that I might do everything with discretion and consideration, I fitted up a little mast to my boat, and made a sail to it out of some of the pieces of the ship's sails which lay in store, and of which I had a great stock by me.

Having fitted my mast and sail, and tried the boat, I found she would sail very well. Then I made little lockers or boxes at either end, to put provisions, necessaries, and ammunition, &c., into, to be kept dry, either from rain or the spray of the sea; and a hollow place I cut in the inside of the boat, where I could lay my gun, making a flap to hang down over to keep it dry.

I fixed my umbrella also in a step of the stern, like a mast, to stand over my head, and keep the heat of the sun off me, like an awning. Thus I every now and then took a little voyage upon the sea, but never went far out, or far from the little creek. But at last, being eager to view the circumference of my little kingdom, I resolved upon my tour. Accordingly I victualled my ship for the voyage, putting in two dozen of my loaves of barley bread, an earthen pot full of parched rice, (a food I

ate a great deal of,) a little bottle of rum, half a goat and powder and shot for killing more, and two large watch-coats, of those which, as I mentioned before, I had saved out of the seamen's chests. These I took, one to lie upon, and the other to cover me in the night.

It was the 6th of November, in the sixth year of my reign, or my captivity, that I set out on this voyage, and I found it much longer than I expected. For though the island itself was not very large, yet when I came to the east side of it, I found a great ledge of rocks lying out about two leagues into the sea, some above water, some under it; and beyond that a shoal of sand, lying dry, half a league more; so that I was obliged to go a great way out to sea to double that point. When I first discovered them, I was going to give over my enterprise, and come back—not knowing how far it might oblige me to go out to sea, and, above all, doubting how I should get back again; so I came to anchor, for I had made me a kind of anchor with a piece of grappling which I got out of the ship.

Having secured my boat, I took my gun and went on shore, climbing upon a hill which seemed to overlook that point, where I saw the full extent of it, and resolved to venture. In viewing the sea from that hill where I stood, I perceived a strong and furious current which ran to the east, and even came close to the point. I took the more notice of it because I saw there might be some danger that when I came into it I might be carried out to sea by the strength of it, and not be able to make the island again. And indeed, had I not gotten first

upon this hill, I believe it would have been so ; for there was the same current upon the other side of the island, only that it set off at a further distance ; and I saw there was a strong eddy under the shore, so that I had nothing to do but to get out of the first current, and I should presently be in an eddy.

I lay here, however, two days, because the wind, blowing pretty fresh, made a breach of the sea upon the point ; so that it was not safe for me to keep too close to the shore, for the breach, nor to go too far off because of the stream.

The third day, in the morning, the wind having abated over night, the sea was calm, and I ventured. But no sooner was I come to the point—when even I was not my boat's length from the shore—than I found myself in a great depth of water, having a current like the sluice of a mill. It carried my boat along with it with such violence that all I could do could not keep her so much as on the edge of it ; but I found it hurried me further and further out from the eddy, which was on my left hand. There was no wind stirring to help me, and all I could do with my paddles signified nothing.

And now I began to give myself over for lost ; for, as the current was on both sides of the island, I knew, in a few leagues' distance, they must join again, and then I should be irrecoverably gone. Nor could I see any possibility of avoiding it ; so that I had no prospect before me but of perishing,—not by the sea, for that was calm enough, but of starving for hunger. I had, indeed, found a tortoise on the shore, as big almost as I could lift, and had tossed it into the boat ; and I had a great jar of fresh water—that is to say, one of

my earthen pots; but what was all this to being driven into the vast ocean, where, to be sure, there was no shore, no mainland or island, for a thousand leagues at least!

And now I saw how easy it was for the providence of God to make even the most miserable condition of mankind worse. Now I looked back upon my desolate, solitary island, as the most pleasant place in the world, and all the happiness my heart could wish for was to be put there again. Then I reproached myself with my unthankful temper, and how I had repined at my solitary condition; and now, what would I give to be on shore there again!

It is scarcely possible to imagine the consternation I was now in, being driven from my beloved island (for so it appeared to me now to be) into the wide ocean, almost two leagues, and in the utmost despair of ever recovering it again. However, I worked hard, till, indeed, my strength was almost exhausted, and kept my boat as much to the northward (that is, towards the side of the current which the eddy lay on) as possibly I could; when, about noon, as the sun passed the meridian, I thought I felt a little breeze of wind in my face, springing up from the south-south-east. This cheered my heart a little, and especially when, in about half an hour more, it blew a pretty gentle gale. By this time I had got to a frightful distance from the island, and had the least cloudy or hazy weather intervened, I had been undone another way too; for I had no compass on board, and should never have known how to have steered towards the island if I had but once lost sight of it. But the weather continuing clear, I applied myself to get up

my mast again, and spread my sail, standing away to the north as much as possible, to get out of the current.

* * * * *

About four o'clock in the evening, being then within a league of the island, I found the point of the rocks which occasioned this disaster stretching out, as described before, to the southward, and casting off the current more southerly, had of course made another eddy to the north. This I found very strong, but not directly setting the way my course lay, which was due west, but almost full north. However, having a fresh gale, I stretched across this eddy, slanting north-west; and in about an hour came within a mile of the shore, where, it being smooth water, I soon got to land.

When I got on shore, I fell on my knees and gave God thanks for my rescue, resolving to lay aside all thoughts of any deliverance by my boat; and refreshing myself with such things as I had, I brought my boat close to the shore, in a little cove that I had spied under some trees, and laid me down to sleep, being quite spent with the labour and fatigue of the voyage.

I was now at a great loss which way to get home with my boat. I had run so much hazard, and knew too much of the case, to think of attempting it by the way I went out; and what might be at the other side (I mean the west side) I knew not, nor had I any mind to run any more ventures. So I only resolved, in the morning, to make my way westward along the shore, and to see if there was no creek where I might lay up my frigate in safety,

so as to have her again if I wanted her. In about three miles or thereabout, coasting the shore, I came to a very good inlet or bay, about a mile over, which narrowed till it came to a very little rivulet or brook, where I found a very convenient harbour for my boat, and where she lay as if she had been in a little dock made on purpose for her. Here I put in, and having stowed my boat very carefully, I went on shore to look about me and see where I was.

I soon found I had but a little passed by the place where I had been before, when I travelled on foot to that shore; so taking nothing out of my boat but my gun and umbrella, for it was exceedingly hot, I began my march. The way was comfortable enough after such a voyage as I had been upon, and I reached my old bower in the evening, where I found everything standing as I left it; for I always kept it in good order, it being, as I said before, my country-house.

I got over the fence, and laid me down in the shade to rest my limbs, for I was very weary, and fell asleep; but judge, if you can, you that read my story, what a surprise I must have been in, when I was awaked out of my sleep by a voice calling me by my name several times,—“Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe; poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you? Where have you been?”

I was so dead asleep at first, being fatigued with rowing, or paddling, as it is called, the first part of the day, and with walking the latter part, that I did not wake thoroughly; but, dozing between sleeping and waking, I thought I dreamed that somebody spoke to me. As the voice continued to repeat, “Robin Crusoe! Robin Crusoe!” at last I began to wake

more perfectly, and was at first dreadfully frightened, and started up in the utmost consternation; but no sooner were my eyes open than I saw my Poll sitting on the top of the hedge, and immediately knew it was he that spoke to me. For just in such bemoaning language I had used to talk to him and teach him; and he had learned it so perfectly that he would sit upon my finger, and lay his bill close to my face, and cry, "Poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been? How came you here?" and such things as I had taught him.

However, even though I knew it was the parrot, and that, indeed, it could be nobody else, it was a good while before I could compose myself. First, I was amazed how the creature got thither; and then, how he should just keep about the place, and nowhere else. But as I was well satisfied it could be nobody but honest Poll, I got over it, and holding out my hand, and calling him by his name, "Poll!" the sociable creature came to me, and sat upon my thumb, as he used to do, and continued talking to me, Poor Robin Crusoe! and how did I come here? and where had I been? just as if he had been overjoyed to see me again; and so I carried him home along with me.

I now had had enough of rambling to sea for some time, and had enough to do for many days to sit still and reflect upon the danger I had been in. I remained nearly a year, living a very sedate, retired life, as you may well suppose; and my thoughts being very much composed as to my condition, and fully comforted in resigning myself to the dispositions of Providence, I thought I lived really very happily in all things, except that of society.

I improved myself during this time in all the mechanical exercises which my necessities put me upon applying myself to; and I believed I could, upon occasion, have made a very good carpenter, especially considering how few tools I had.

THE FOOT-PRINT ON THE SAND.

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plainly to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunder-struck. I listened, I looked around me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look further; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one: I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again, to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot.

How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine; but after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree; looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange fancies came into my thoughts by the way.

At last I concluded that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea; being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

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How strange a checker-work of Providence is the life of man! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear, nay, even tremble at the apprehension of. This was exemplified in me, at this time, in the most lively manner imaginable;—for I, whose only affliction was that I seemed banished from human society; that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow;—I say, I now trembled at the very apprehension of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow, or silent appearance, of a man having set his foot on the island.

Such is the uneven state of human life; and it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterwards, when I had a little recovered my first surprise.

I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good providence of God had determined for me: that, as I could not foresee what the ends of Divine Wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his sovereignty, who, as I was his creature, had an undoubted right, by creation, to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit; and who, as I was a creature that had offended him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment he thought fit: and that it was my part to submit to bear his indignation, because I had sinned against him. I then reflected, that as God, who was not only righteous, but omnipotent, had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so he was able to deliver me: that, if he did not think fit to do so, it was my unquestionable duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to his will; and, on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in him, pray to him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of his daily providence.

These thoughts took me up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I cannot omit. One morning early, lying in bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearances of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which these words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and

opening it to read, the first words that presented to me were, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad, at least on that occasion.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again. I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provisions; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley cakes and water.

* * * * *

I knew I had been here now almost eighteen years, and never had seen any foot-steps of human creatures there before; and I might be eighteen years more as entirely concealed as I was now, if I did not discover myself to them, which I had no manner of occasion to do; it being only my business to keep myself entirely concealed where I was, unless I found a better sort of creatures than cannibals to make myself known to. Yet I entertained such an abhorrence of the savages I have been speaking of, and of their wretched, inhuman custom of killing and eating one another, that I continued pensive and sad, and kept close within my own circle for almost two years after this. When I say my own circle, I mean by it my three plantations, namely, my castle, my country seat, (which I called my bower,) and my enclosure in the woods; nor did I look after this last for any other use than as an enclosure for my goats. I did not so much as go to look after my boat all this time, but began rather to think of making me

another; for I could not think of ever making any more attempts to bring the other boat round the island to me, lest I should meet with some of those creatures at sea; in which case, if I had happened to fall into their hands, I knew what would have been my lot.

Time, however, and the satisfaction I had that I was in no danger of being discovered by these people, began to wear off my uneasiness about them. I began to live just in the same composed manner as before; only with this difference, that I used more caution, and kept my eyes more about me than I did before, lest I should happen to be seen by any of them; and particularly, I was more cautious of firing my gun, lest any of them being on the island should happen to hear it. It was, therefore, a very good providence to me that I had furnished myself with a tame breed of goats, and that I had no need to hunt any more about the woods, or shoot at them. If I did catch any of them after this, it was by traps and snares, as I had done before: so that, for two years after this I believe I never fired my gun once off, though I never went out without it. And, which was more, as I had saved three pistols out of the ship, I always carried them out with me, or at least two of them, sticking them in my goat-skin belt. I also furbished up one of the great cutlasses that I had taken out of the ship, and made me a belt to hang it on also: so that I was now a most formidable fellow to look at, when I went abroad, if you add to the former description of myself the particular of two pistols, and a great broad-sword hanging at my side, in a belt, but without a scabbard.

CRUSOE AND THE SAVAGES.

I was now in the twenty-third year of my residence in this island, and was so naturalized to the place and the manner of living, that, could I but have enjoyed the certainty that no savages would come to the place to disturb me, I could have been content to have capitulated for spending the rest of my time there, even to the last moment, till I had laid me down and died, like the old goat in the cave.

I had also arrived to some little diversions and amusements, which made the time pass a great deal more pleasantly with me than it did before. First, I had taught my Poll, as I noted before, to speak; and he did it so familiarly, and talked so articulately, that it was very pleasant to me; for I believe no bird ever spoke plainer. He lived with me no less than six-and-twenty years; how long he might have lived afterwards I know not, though I know people have a notion in the Brazils that they live an hundred years. My dog also was a very pleasant and loving companion to me for no less than sixteen years of my time, and then died of mere old age. As for my cats, they multiplied, as I have observed, to that degree that I was obliged to shoot several of them at first, to keep them from devouring me and all I had; but at length, when the two old ones I brought with me were gone, and after some time continually driving them from me, and letting them have no provision with me, they all ran wild into the woods, except two or three favourites, which I kept tame, and whose young, when they had any, I

always drowned; and these were part of my family. Besides these, I always kept two or three household kids about me, which I taught to feed out of my hand: and I had two more parrots, which talked pretty well, and would call "Robin Crusoe;" but none like my first,—nor, indeed, did I take the pains with any of them that I had done with him. I had also several tame sea-fowls, the names of which I knew not, that I caught upon the shore, and cut their wings. The little stakes which I had planted before my castle wall being now grown up to a good thick grove, these fowls all lived among the low trees, and bred there; which was very agreeable to me. So, as I said above, I began to be very well contented with the life I led, if I could but have been secured from the dread of the savages. But it was otherwise ordered.

It was now the month of December, as I said above, in my twenty-third year; and this being the southern solstice (for winter I cannot call it), was the particular time of my harvest, and required my being pretty much abroad in the fields. Going out pretty early in the morning, even before it was thoroughly daylight, I was surprised with seeing a light of some fire upon the shore, at a distance from me of about two miles, towards the end of the island, where I had observed some savages had been, as before, and not on the other side. To my great affliction, it was on my side of the island.

I was indeed terribly surprised at the sight, and went back directly to my castle, and pulled up my ladder after me. Then I prepared myself within, putting myself in a posture of defence. I loaded all

my cannon, as I called them, (that is to say, my muskets, which were mounted upon my new fortification,) and all my pistols, and resolved to defend myself to the last gasp; not forgetting seriously to commend myself to the Divine protection, and earnestly to pray to God to deliver me out of the hands of the barbarians. I continued in this posture about two hours, and then began to be very impatient for intelligence; for I had no spies to send out.

After remaining a while longer, and musing what I should do in this case, I was not able to bear sitting in ignorance; so, setting up my ladder to the side of the hill, where there was a flat place, as I observed before, and then pulling it up after me, I set it up again, and mounted to the top of the hill. Pulling out my perspective glass, which I had taken on purpose, I laid me down flat on the ground, and began to look for the place. I presently found there were no less than nine naked savages sitting round a small fire they had made; not to warm themselves, for they had no need of that, the weather being extremely hot, but, as I supposed, to dress some of their barbarous diet of human flesh, which they had brought with them, whether alive or dead I could not tell.

They had two canoes with them, which they had hauled up on the shore; and as it was then tide of ebb, they seemed to me to wait for the return of the flood to go away again. It is not easy to imagine what confusion this sight put me into, especially seeing them come on my side of the island, and so near me too. But when I considered their coming must be always with the current of the ebb,

I began afterwards to be more sedate in my mind, being satisfied that I might go abroad with safety all the time of the tide of flood, if they were not on shore before. Having made this observation, I went abroad about my harvest-work with the more composure.

As I expected, so it proved ; for as soon as the tide made to the westward, I saw them all take boat, and row (or paddle, as we call it) away. I should have observed, that for an hour or more before they went off, they went a-dancing. I could easily discern their postures and gestures by my glass. I could not perceive, by my nicest observation, but that they were naked, and had not the least covering upon them.

As soon as I saw them shipped and gone, I took two guns upon my shoulders, and two pistols in my girdle, and my great sword by my side, without a scabbard ; and with all the speed I was able to make, went away to the hill where I had discovered the first appearance of all. As soon as I got thither, which was not in less than two hours (for I could not go apace, being so laden with arms as I was), I perceived there had been three canoes more of savages at that place ; and looking out further, I saw they were all at sea together, making over the main. This was a dreadful sight to me, especially as, going down to the shore, I could see the marks of horror which the dismal work they had been about had left behind it, namely, the blood, the bones, and part of the flesh of human bodies eaten by those wretches with merriment and sport. I was so filled with indignation at the sight, that I now began to pre-

meditate the destruction of the next that I saw there, let them be whom or how many soever. It seemed evident to me that the visits that they made thus to this island were not very frequent; for it was above fifteen months before any more of them came on shore there again.

CRUSOE SAVES FRIDAY.

I was surprised one morning early with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together, on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. Seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures, to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted. However, I put myself into all the same posture for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action, if anything had presented.

Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that the savages were no less than thirty in number; that they had a fire kindled; and that they had meat dressed. How they had cooked it I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they had been laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club, or wooden sword, (for that was their way ;) while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. At that very moment this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, and unbound, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me,—I mean, towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened, I must say, when I saw him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him: and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them in running; so that, if he could but hold on for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often in the first part of my story, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship. This I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when he came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up, but, plunging in, swam through in thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness.

When the three pursuers came to the creek, I

found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no further, and soon after went softly back again; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the end. I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long in swimming over the creek as the fellow had been that fled from them.

It came now very strongly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately ran down the ladder with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of it, as I observed above, and getting up again, with the same haste, to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea, and having a very short cut, and all down hill, placed myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued.

I then hallooed to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first, perhaps, as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back. In the meantime, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my gun. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard; and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it.

Having knocked this fellow down, the other pursuer stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced apace towards him. But as I came nearer, I

perceived presently that he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me : so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first; which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor fugitive had now stopped; but though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet he was so frightened with the fire and noise of my gun that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to flee than to come on. I hallooed again, and made signs to him to come forward; which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again; and then a little further, and stopped again. I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and were just about to be killed, as his two enemies had been. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of. He came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for having saved his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head on it, and, taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever.

I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. I carried him, not to my castle, but away to my cave on the further part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress

for, by his running; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep on myself sometimes. So the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight, strong limbs. He was tall, and well-shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance,—not a fierce and surly aspect, but he seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead was very high and large; and there was a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. . . .

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he awoke again, and came out of the cave to me; for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure close by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again on the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a great many gestures to show it. At last he laid his head flat on the ground close to my feet, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and, after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him.

In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach

him to speak to me. First, I let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to say, "Master," and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say "Yes" and "No," and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him; and I put some bread in it, and gave him a cake of bread to do the like; which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him. I kept there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad.

I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone. Pulling out my glass, I looked and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

But I was not content with this discovery. Having now more courage, and, consequently, more curiosity, I took my man Friday with me, giving him the sword in his hand, with the bow and arrows at his back, (which I found he could use very dexterously,) making him carry one gun for me, while I carried two for myself, and away we marched to the place where these creatures had been; for I had a mind now to get some fuller intelligence of them.

When I came to the place, my very blood ran chill in my veins, and my heart sunk within me, at the horror of the spectacle. Indeed it was a dreadful

sight ; at least it was so to me, though Friday made nothing of it. The place was covered with human bones, the ground dyed with blood, and great pieces of flesh were lying here and there, half-eaten, mangled and scorched. In short, there were all the tokens of the triumphant feast they had been making there, after a victory over their enemies. I saw three skulls, five hands, and the bones of three or four legs and feet, and abundance of the other parts of the bodies. Friday, by his signs, made me understand that the savages had brought over four prisoners to feast upon ; that three of them were eaten and that he (pointing to himself) was the fourth ; that there had been a great battle between them and their next king, of whose subjects, it seems, he had been one ; and that they had taken a great number of prisoners, all of whom had been carried to several places, in order that they might feast on them, as had been done here.

* * * * *

The next day after I came home to my hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him ; and, that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications—in the inside of the last, and in the outside of the first. As there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a framed door-case, and a door to it of boards, and set it up in the passage, a little within the entrance. Causing the door to open in the inside, I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladder too, so that Friday could no way come at me, in the inside of my innermost wall, without making so much noise in getting over that it must needs waken me. For my

first wall had now a complete roof over it of long poles, covering all my tent, and leaning up to the side of the hill, which was again laid across with smaller sticks, instead of laths, and then thatched over a great thickness with rice straw, which was strong like reeds. At the hole or place which was left to go in or out by the ladder, I had placed a kind of trap-door, which, if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have opened at all, but would have fallen down and made a great noise. As to weapons, I took them all in with me every night.

But I needed none of all this precaution ; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me. Without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged, his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father. I daresay he would have sacrificed his life for the saving of mine, upon any occasion whatsoever. The many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt, and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions as to my safety on his account.

I was greatly delighted with him, and made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful ; but especially to make him speak, and understand me when I spoke. And he was the aptest scholar that ever was ; and particularly, was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased when he could but understand me, or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk with him. Now my life became so easy that I began to say to myself, that, could I but have been safe from more savages, I cared not if I never was to remove from the place where I lived.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig!
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away!

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down,
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow!

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen;
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—here's the house,"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you’ve come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,—
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit!

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig !
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he might,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin. and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :—

“Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !”
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit !

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

COWPER.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat
He earns whate'er he can ;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
That earns a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

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For example,—from the Map of the Eastern Hemisphere, it will be seen that Naples is 1000 miles from London, Calcutta nearly 5000, Peking about 5100, Sydney about 10,600, &c. &c.

From the Map of the Western Hemisphere it will be seen that Quebec is about 3100 miles from London, New York about 3500, Mexico about 5600, Rio Janeiro about 5800, Cape Horn about 8400, &c. &c.

These Maps are enlarged copies of the Maps of a **NEW ATLAS OF THE WORLD** in preparation by T. NELSON AND SONS, and in regard to which the following, among many other testimonies, have already been received by the Publishers :—

From the Rev. Canon Mosely.

"I have seen enough of these Maps to feel assured that you have introduced a great improvement in Map-making for popular and educational purposes. The plan of squares of hundreds and thousands of miles cannot but commend itself to general approval, for the facilities which it affords of estimating at sight the distances of places from one another, and the superficial measurement of different portions of the earth's surface."

From Sir John Herschel.

"I have seldom or never seen Maps more beautifully executed. The idea of dividing each Map into squares of a hundred and a thousand English miles, and of inserting circles indicating the distances from London, is a happy and useful one for popular Maps."

